The Nation.

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The Week.

"When," asks the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "are the Democrats going to do something besides yelling murder? Why don't they open their best artillery on the standpatters? The pat people can't stand long if the fire is well directed." These remarks gain fresh pertinence from the account given by Senator Hopkins of President Roosevelt's position respecting tariff revision. The Senator talked with the President one day last week for two hours, during which he "gained the impression" that "there will be no tariff revision until after the next Presidential election." Senator Hopkins adds that he himself thinks it will be "suicidal" for the Republican party to touch the tariff during the next Congress, but that, "after the Presidential election" it "will be the duty of the Republican party to revise the tariff." This seems to imply that, when once the party has elected a President, it doesn't matter whether it commits suicide or not. In all seriousness, this situation furnishes its own comment, not only upon Republican sincerity, but upon Democratic sagacity. With such an issue as this fairly forced upon them by their political opponents, the Democrats are neglecting it, and are casting about for new forms of "yelling murder." Col. Watterson advises the party to take up with the cry, "Back to the Constitution." As well make it, "Back to Nature." Any mere generality like that would have no more rallying power than an algebraic formula. Specific abuses, concrete reforms, are the necessary weapons of a political party in opposition; and the tariff provides whole arsenals full. In view of the admissions which Republicans themselves now make, the argument could be turned against them with overwhelming effect.

In one of the New York papers we read an authorized statement of President Roosevelt's position in regard to the sending of the battleship fleet to the Pacific, which is most welcome. It is here represented that the object of the proposed cruise is to ascertain the defects of the fleet, if any; that no order has been issued by the President or by the General Board; that the plan was made before the recent war flurry, and that the fleet *may* go to the Pacific. So far, so good. We sincerely hope that before long the "may" will become "will not"; but it is reassuring, indeed, to know that nothing is definitely settled as yet. Of course, this does not explain the contradictions of the Presidential statements of two weeks ago. Moreover, it puts Secretary Metcalf, with his promise of the greatest naval spectacle the Pacific Coast has ever seen, in a most delightful pickle. He must either pose as a braggart who cannot substantiate his boasts, or as an ignoramus in regard to happenings in his own Department. There is only one way out: Let him put the blame on the much-enduring Loeb.

That the man chosen to act as Mayor of San Francisco with almost absolute powers should turn out to be a prominent scholar, educator, and physician, is another indication of the distance we have travelled from the time when that rare species, "the scholar in politics," was tolerated by the practical politicians only because public opinion would not quite sanction cruelty to a harmless creature actuated by good intentions. A writer and a student of American history, up in New Hampshire, has succeeded in bringing the practical politicians face to face with a problem which they find exceedingly perplexing. Another novelist seems to be attaining merit as Mayor of Toledo. Even at Albany they have heard something of a man with the temperament of the juristic scholar, who saved a great party from the utter ruin that its practical leaders so zealously prepared for it. And to show how the world has moved on, it strikes us as nothing unusual that in its present desperate plight San Francisco should turn to a man whose geographical knowledge extends beyond the boundaries of his ward, and whose mathematics contains no formula for the determination of political assessments on shopkeepers and dives.

Even the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which is not known for its friendliness to Gov. Beckham of Kentucky, admits that his appointments of officials for the new city government of Louisville have been beyond criticism, with one single exception. They in turn have chosen as their assistants men who stand well before the community, and are desirous of governing well. Hence the city's affairs are being better administered today than at any time for years past. It is, of course, no easy task the reformers have before them, the ousted officials being already hard at work to hamper the efforts of their successors, who must fight for their political lives at a new election next fall. But at least they are unhampered by any of those political obligations which prevented those who stole the government from administering it well. No doubt Mayor Bingham and his associates will find themselves handicapped by "immemorial abuses, contrariety of opinions and report," and "the perversity and selfishness of friends and alleged friends." Yet the new appointees are cleaning up the city in earnest, have already closed the saloons on Sunday, and disciplined all the commanding officers of the disreputable police force, thus displaying both courage and vigor. Gov. Beckham helped them, too, by not appointing a single member of the rightfully elected reform ticket. This leaves the new officials quite free, and without the handicap of campaign animosities.

Judge Story would have some new illustrations of the "Conflict of Laws" could he write about the recent clashings between State and Federal courts. Passion seems to be running high in North Carolina over the orders of the United States judge restraining the authorities of the State from putting the new railway law into execution until after its constitutionality had been determined. Tall talk is indulged in by the Governor, and by some members of the State judiciary, but we presume that sober counsels will prevail and the Federal writ be duly respected. A speedy and orderly determination of the legal questions at issue should be sought by all concerned. The North Carolina case is not unlike that of the Consolidated Gas Company in this city. In the latter, too, a Federal judge stayed the execution of a State law until it should appear that its effect would not be confiscatory. There was much newspaper and other grumbling, but Judge Lacombe's decision has been regarded as binding in New York. So, in the end, will Judge Pritchard's be regarded in North Carolina.

The Board of Visitors to the Military Academy at West Point, in its report just published, takes a radical view. "An officer," it says, "should be an all-around educated gentleman. As it is now, his entire training, both preparatory at the Academy and post-graduate, is almost purely technical." Hence the Board of Visitors calls for a general revision of the scheme of instruction. It thinks that time should not be devoted so exclusively to technical studies, and that a broad course in literature, with independent reading, would do a world of good. In this the Visitors have exposed one of the most evident weaknesses, and it is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will appoint a board of officers for the revision of the curriculum, like the one that has just reported on the Naval Academy of Annapolis. It

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is a pity, however, that, so far as yet appears, the West Point Visitors have not called attention to the mental and physical overworking of the cadets. Reputable army physicians maintain that life-long injury is done to the cadets in this way, and assert that it is frequently a year or two after their graduation before some of them return to a normal condition.

The latest disaster on the Pacific brings out once more the dangerous nature of navigation on the Northwest coast. It also emphasizes anew, with many recent incidents, the fact that fog is, after all, now the greatest danger which confronts seamen. On the Atlantic, the Kronprinz, in a fog, grazed an iceberg the other day, yet it was not discovered until the ship was almost on top of it. And last week two fishing smacks were run down and sunk by steamers in a fog, while a third was barely able to crawl into port. Obviously, scientists need to give their attention to methods of safeguarding ships in a mist. Of course, there can be no warning from an iceberg or a submerged wreck, but the under-water bell gives great hopes that it is a better way than the steam whistle of giving notice of a nearby danger. It is now being installed in several places along the coast, so that ships may find their way into port when unable to see the coast lights, or take a reckoning. It may also give the special protection to sailing craft they so sadly lack, in the absence of whistles. If what its inventor claims for it is true, the Board of Steamboat Inspectors will soon find it worth while to insist upon its adoption, as it does upon lifeboats and life-preservers. The Navy Department has ordered it for twenty-three vessels of various types.

The need of an international Theatrical Trust, such as is now proposed, has long been apparent. The existing syndicate has been continually hampered in its efforts to build up a national theatre along national lines by the constant invasion of "unorganized" foreign plays and actors. How can the cowboy drama, for instance, be carried to the point of ideal perfection if, just when we have succeeded in evolving a half-dozen examples of the type, Hauptmann or D'Annunzio sends over a play that seems to have been written in entire disregard of the life and ideals of the Wild West? A combination of interests that shall regulate the dramatic output, after the fashion of the Steel Trust, in various countries, would do away with the evil. We might then have the Pinero and Sudermann plants shut down for a couple of years, while the Sardou and Fitch foundries were run under full blast, or vice versa. And in the same manner ruinous competition among the actor folk would cease. No pauper Italian or Russian actresses should come here unbidden to play "Magda" or "A Doll's House" in the teeth of our native talent, or shatter, by the sweep of their crude European emotions, long-established traditions which call for the interpretation of "Hedda Gabler" or "Divorçons" by young and golden-haired ministers' daughters from Illinois.

A law in Texas against pistols? The thing seems incredible. As well expect a statute forbidding the domestic use of the bowie-knife. And yet on Sunday there went into effect in the Lone Star State a law imposing a tax of 50 per cent. on the gross earnings of the whole business of all who sell revolvers. That is, if a man keeps general hardware and pistols too, he must give half his profits to the State of Texas. From the point of view of the dime-novel writers, this is a serious infringement upon one of their most valued patents. A Texan cannot properly be represented save with a revolver on each hip and a bowie-knife in his teeth. Now, if only the bowie-knife is left, obviously Dick, the terror of the Rio Grande, becomes a purely mediæval figure instead of fearless graduate of the Rough Riders; and the number of sheriffs he slays at one fell blow must obviously be reduced from twelve to one or two. Still, aside from this aspect of the matter, there is much that commends itself to us in this novel Texas law. If there is an industry which we should like to see a Government monopoly, it is the manufacture and sale of firearms. They ought to be made the costliest kind of luxury, and, if the Texas departure can bring this about in any degree, the experiment might well be tried elsewhere.

Prof. Gustave Lanson of the Sorbonne holds that discipline in the French universities and colleges is very bad, yet that the proper way of dealing with the evil presents a "bitter and irritating question." The most serious thing is that professors as well as students show signs of insubordination. Professor Lanson declares that those in authority seem helpless to deal with the rebellious faculties, which are imitating obstreperous students in petty revolts. The old scholastic discipline, he continues, was conformed to the discipline of the political world. It spoke in the imperative. Respect was written in the rules, even if not imprinted on the heart. But now even this formal observance of rules is neglected; and the professors, by exploiting their grievances in the press, try to intimidate the educational administration. They form cliques and conspiracies. Professor Lanson is reluctant to discuss this grave trouble, foreseeing that it will play into the hand of the reactionaries, especially the clerical party. But the truth must be told, and, like a young man, the new republic must learn to correct its faults. The conflict complained of is analogous to that which occasionally takes place in our own university faculties, where a small group of professors set up a factious opposition to the general policies of the institution. As Professor Lanson remarks: "Some men like to win, if only that by winning they may make it disagreeable for others."

The dinner given to President Butler by the authorities of the University of Paris emphasizes once more the valuable part played by our educational leaders in the work of promoting international amity. While Hague Conferences meet to thresh their modicum of result out of vast crops of verbiage, good feeling between nation and nation thrives in the favorable atmosphere of academic halls, gymnastic associations, and singing societies. The Anglo-French *entente*, for instance, is being carefully fostered by various coöperative educational schemes, including an exchange of teachers, holiday trips of teachers and pupils across the channel, and the training of English and French schoolboys to the familiar use of the language employed by the friendly and allied nation just over the way. In the same manner it has been suggested that English schoolboys be taught the Japanese national hymn, and made to memorize choice bits from the literature of Nippon. We know, of course, that this blissful state cannot long continue; that the law of tooth and claw rules the world of thought and education as it does that of trade; that, in the course of time, as the universities of Germany and Great Britain continue to pour out more Ph.D.'s and M.A.'s than the home market can consume, a desperate struggle will ensue for the control of foreign spheres of influence, and that the decision of the Sultan of Morocco or the Shah of Persia to model their high schools on the French *lycée*, rather than the German *Realschule*, will bring about the same complications that now follow the awarding of a harbor-dredging contract to one nation rather than another. All this we know, yet we cannot help drawing satisfaction from the present peaceful state of affairs.

At The Hague the American contention in favor of the inviolability of private property at sea in time of war has been handsomely upheld. Under Mr. Choate's effective leadership, a vote was finally had upon the main question, and twenty delegates were for the new law of war, to only eleven against. This vote is not, of course, binding, but it represents a genuine moral victory, and shows what can be done by vigorous argument and forcing squirmers to come

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to the scratch. The distinction made by M. Martens that the eleven delegates represented a larger population than the twenty, seems very ill taken. The equality of the nations in the Hague Conference is at the root of its being. Great Britain, standing with Russia and France in opposition to the humane proposal, is in a very unenviable position. Her offer to limit her naval programme, if other nations would, bore the construction that she was satisfied of her supremacy on those terms; and now her unwillingness to make private property at sea immune, causes her attitude to appear decidedly ungenerous.

The readiness with which both the Premier and the leader of the Opposition joined in shelving, in the House of Commons, the motion to inquire into the connection between contributions to English party funds and the bestowal of honors by the Crown, is striking proof that such an investigation would be decidedly disagreeable to both sides. For a long time past there have been plain intimations that certain knighthoods and decorations were bestowed, much as ambassadorships are awarded in this country, in return for cash favors received. Sometimes, too, loyal newspaper proprietors who have stood by the party have found their way upward in the social scale with amazing ease. The strict limitation of candidates' expenses and the rigid oversight of individual contests in order to prevent bribery and corruption have, of late, it has frequently been averred, made it more and more important for the central committees of Liberals and Tories to raise large funds for educational campaigns. Since diplomatic offices cannot be promised, baronetcies have doubtless seemed very convenient—as if made for the purpose. It would be wholly wrong to infer, however, that any great proportion of honors have been awarded in this way. Merit and talent and worthy public service are still recognized. William Cremer, for instance, has thoroughly earned his new title of Sir by his invaluable services on behalf of peace.

Troubles of the Church in France have not lessened the activity of writers on theology. In the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale*, M. Wilbois gives an account of "Catholic Thought in France at the Opening of the Twentieth Century." During the last ten years a large number of reviews have been founded dealing with questions of Biblical criticism, Christian philosophy, apologetics, and ecclesiastical polity. There has, furthermore, been remarkable industry in the collection and editing of older literary monuments and sources of history. The wave of modern thought which has moved the laity makes it necessary for the clergy to equip themselves. M. Wilbois reports that young men of high class are now being trained for the priesthood in the French seminaries and universities. At the former, they devote themselves to the classics; at the latter, to the sciences. Such a modern element may, however, at length have a disquieting effect upon conservative churchmen. Already, the Abbé Loisy, by his work, "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," has taken virtually the position once occupied by Newman in his "Development of Christian Doctrine." He will doubtless find himself and his fellow-liberals exposed to a cross-fire from the orthodox on one side, and the scientific on the other.

The large number of "Back to Something" movements may be increased by a vigorous "Back to Europe" agitation. Italy is greatly concerned with the problem of regaining part of the enormous population that she loses annually by emigration, or at least that fraction whose return would add to the prosperity of their native land. Now it is reported that the Swedish Government is making investigations among its former subjects in this country, with a view to securing their partial repatriation. According to the 1900 census, there were in the Continental United States 1,084,000 residents of Swedish origin, of whom just half a million were native-born. From that class King Oscar could scarcely hope to draw colonists for old Sweden. On the other hand, if a considerable fraction of the remaining 584,000 Swedish-Americans should prove responsive enough to the call of the native soil to seek still newer fortunes under old conditions, Sweden might find compensation for the loss of the Norwegian partnership, not so much in the actual number of emigrants returned, as in the new spirit of enterprise which they could not but bring with them across the ocean. The very fact that the Swedish Government should think it possible to persuade such emigrants to return, argues a general determination to bring backward Sweden sharply in line with the march of democratic progress. She is now working out the problem of universal suffrage, but other improvements must be made before the country can hope even to check her present annual emigration of some 25,000—a very large figure for a population of 5,000,000.

Korea, to-day, stands in so far the better position that responsibility for what henceforth takes place in the Hermit Kingdom can be definitely fixed. If Japan has chosen to make her authority direct and apparent, instead of indirect and masked, she has also pledged herself to take such action as will remove the ugly rumors brought forth by the first two years of her rule. That the Japanese have ridden rough-shod over the Korean people—whatever fictions were maintained with regard to the machinery of government; that Korean peasants have been robbed of their lands by Japanese immigrants and military officials, and have been denied justice in the courts; that the appropriations for public works have been largely expended in improving the ports and settlements where the Japanese predominate—would seem to be well-established by a large body of testimony. A nation proud of its extraordinary military achievements secures the master-hand over a people notoriously submissive. Ambition, covetousness, and mere brutality, as exemplified in the mass of Japanese coolie immigrants into Korea, apparently come into full play; and though Japan retained direct control of her subjects in Korea, it was her excuse that the resistance of the Korean people and officials made her task hard, and brought on most of the evils complained of. This excuse has now been removed. Japan has a free hand in the execution of necessary reforms, and she should exert herself to do away with the impression that it is her policy in Korea to suck the country as dry as possible in the least time. International agreements may have made her immune against official interference on the part of the Powers, but she must be aware that failure in Korea—and oppression leading to discontent is a form of failure—would stand seriously in the way of whatever wide ambitions she may be cherishing.

Hungary, without a racial conflict on her hands, is like an Irishman without a quarrel, a yellow extra without Pelasgian headlines, or a cardinal virtue without a Presidential endorsement. The relations between Budapest and Vienna are still in an extremely unsettled condition, but Minister of Commerce Kossuth must needs go and stir Croatia to fury by submitting a bill requiring all employees on the state railways to make use of the Magyar language throughout the dominions of the Crown. In Croatia, this is held to be a direct violation of the compact of 1868, which made the Croatian language the official medium of communication, even for the local representatives of the central Government. The Hungarian Government meets the accusation with a double evasion. In the first place, it argues that the railway administration is not a "joint" interest in the sense contemplated by the agreement of 1868, and, second, that railway employees are not, strictly speaking, functionaries of the state. Croats and Magyar Independents stood together two years ago, when the Liberals were ousted from power. Now Croatia is experiencing the bitter sting of ingratitude.

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IS BRYAN INEVITABLE?

"The boldest act of cowardice ever heard of." Such was the characterization of one of the Duke of Wellington's announcements of Government policy. It might with double force be applied to Mr. Bryan's repudiation, on Saturday, of his own pet issue of Government ownership of railroads. Put forward by him inconsiderately a year ago; clung to obstinately for a time, in the face of protests by influential men of his party; latterly, qualified and minimized; Mr. Bryan has now discovered that it is unpopular and is injuring his chances as a candidate for the Presidency, therefore he coolly declares that "there is no desire anywhere to make Government ownership an issue in 1908." Self-stultification could hardly be more complete.

Moreover, Mr. Bryan may attempt to run away from his issue, but it will not abandon him. "Where thou goest, I will go." In a word, he cannot free himself from whatever discredit attaches to him for having rashly raised a controversy on a subject which he had not studied, and from the political discussion of which he is now anxious to retreat. The thing is impossible. Suppose him the Democratic nominee, and the issue would be thrust in his face from every stump in the land. His party would have to bear the odium; just as it suffered in 1900 from the odium of his egregious blunder about silver in 1896. That cause, too, he has now dropped. But what does he imagine the country thinks of a statesman who obligingly discards one conviction after another, as if they were so many worn-out gloves? There is a difference between political opportunism and mere demagogue's shiftiness. If Mr. Bryan's aim was to demonstrate to his party and to the country that he is a flighty man, unstable in all his ways, with an enormous capacity for stirring up agitation but with the smallest faculty for using it to the good of the commonwealth, he could not have gone to work more successfuly than by emitting this last uncertain sound on his trumpet. It signals retreat, and reveals the commander in a state of confusion and panic. What can be expected of the troops?

The Republicans may well exclaim: "The Lord hath delivered this Philistine into our hands." For Mr. Bryan lays down a plan of campaign which is absolutely hopeless. He is stoutly for railway regulation, with the admission on his lips, all the time, that regulation is bound to fail. He is for determining "the real value" of the railways—an abstraction as deep as any conception of the mediæval Schoolmen—and for preventing over-charges and over-capitalization alike; but he states in the same breath that this is merely by way of experiment, to prove that he is right, that regulation is certain to break down, and that we shall have to come to his "ultimate" solution of Government ownership. Fancy an election contested on such lines! Bryan will appeal to the voters to put him in power to do—what? Why, something which he admits is wholly impracticable and barren, which will do them not a particle of good, leaving them, in fact, worse off than before! Nothing like that has ever been known in our political history. We have had fictitious issues, and candidates running on false pretences; but we have never yet had a man standing for the Presidency who frankly announced that the thing he promised to do he could not do, and that it would neither benefit nor satisfy the country if he could! When Mr. Bryan talks thus of his "ultimate" solution, it ought to follow that his party should think of him only as an ultimate candidate—ultimate in the sense that he could be only the last desperate resort.

As a matter of fact, it is plain that the Democratic party is doing a great deal of thinking about the desirability of taking next year some candidate other than Mr. Bryan. He has been generally and tacitly regarded as inevitable, but is he? Very likely, he is in substantial control, to-day, of the party machinery. He could force his own nomination, we presume, if he so willed it. But can he afford to do this? If he were to dominate the National Convention only after a bitter contest, and in the face of powerful and implacable opposition, what would the nomination be worth to him? Even he cannot wish to be known as the perpetual candidate, doomed to perpetual defeat.

Aside from all questions of principle, the test of mere "availability" is one which it is daily becoming harder for Mr. Bryan to endure. Twice beaten, the second time worse than the first; a candidate whose leadership infallibly means further disruption of his party, with a diminished chance of drawing votes from Republicans; a politician cursed with a talent for running off on the wrong scent, and barking up the wrong tree; one who almost advertises that his opinions can be altered while you wait—what party in its political senses would think, ordinarily, of nominating such a man? His candidacy, though so widely thought to be fated, has nowhere aroused enthusiasm. Democrats have merely said, in a dispirited way, "Well, I suppose that we have got to take him." If the idea were now to spread that they have not got to take him, the inevitable candidate would soon appear to be the impossible candidate.

EXPANDING THE "UNWRITTEN LAW."

Acquittals by reason of the "unwritten law" have grown surprisingly numerous. At the present rate, it bids fair to become an established part of our system of jurisprudence. Learned professors of law will soon be issuing "selected cases," as they have in the matter of torts, contracts, and what not, and we shall presently have text-books showing just when a murderer can look for acquittal, and what precise form of appeal to the unwritten statute stands the best chance of success with a jury. Such books should be properly entitled "The Right to Private Vengeance," and they will have many interesting and delicate points to elucidate, if we may judge by some of the more recent cases which lie before us.

We must note the fact that the right to slay under the "unwritten law" has now been extended to women as well as to men. At least, this is a fair deduction from the acquittal of Mrs. Mary E. Bowie in La Plata, Maryland, last week for the killing of Hubert Posey for a wrong done to Mrs. Bowie's daughter. The offence here consisted in the failure to marry the injured woman. Mrs. Bowie and her son demanded that the ceremony be immediately performed, a license having been secured. Posey refused, and Mrs. Bowie made good her alternative that "he would die right here." The killing was therefore premeditated, and no attempt was made to deny it. Yet the jury unanimously found that Mrs. Bowie and her son possessed in this instance the right to execute. A contrasting case is that of Mrs. Birdsong in Mississippi, who killed her physician after making the gravest possible accusation of personal and professional misconduct. The doctor was given no chance to clear his reputation before being put to death, and the courts, even to the highest in the State, were unfeeling enough to condemn Mrs. Birdsong to life imprisonment. Not unexpectedly, this aroused considerable feeling in Mississippi. In many an editorial, now reinforced by the Bowie verdict, an appeal for women's rights appeared. It was urged that the right to slay under the unwritten law should know no discrimination of sex. Gov. Vardaman holds this opinion, and will therefore shortly release Mrs. Birdsong from jail.

And the unwritten law now applies to negroes as well as to white men. That is, of course, consistent and good law, even if uncodified. The right of the injured person to slay, once granted, should not be abridged by age or sex or color or previous condition of servitude. This negro case occurred in Columbia, S. C.; the offence was admitted, and the jury was white. The judge was a narrow-minded person who solemnly informed the jury that there was only one law in South Carolina, and that was the written law. The jury unanimously undeceived the judge. This makes all the more remarkable the action of a jury

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at Gaffney, S. C., which convicted W. H. Mills of killing his wife's paramour. The counsel for the husband—his "beautiful" wife sat by him and encouraged him throughout the trial—made, we learn, "an admirable plea to the sympathy of the jury," but the stony-hearted twelve found Mills guilty of murder, with a recommendation to mercy. Obviously, if there had been available such case-books as we suggest, this inconsistency could not have occurred.

Next we note the reappearance of the "unwritten law" in Belgium—not, as some of our contemporaries would have it, the very first instance known in Europe. In all of its aspects, this drama might have been enacted anywhere in the United States. Like the Bowie case, the unforgivable sin of the "deceased" was his refusal to marry. As in the recent Loving case in Virginia, the evidence did not show that the injured person was wholly fitted to teach in a Sunday-school. Indeed, the letters of the shamefully treated young woman in the Belgian case, introduced as evidence, suggested the writings of Fielding and Smollett, rather than Jane Austen. But the jury refused to let that weigh with it. Indeed, this case may be said to open up quite an opportunity for the learned defenders of the law we note here and there in the press. Just how moral need the victim be to give her next of male or female kin the right to kill? Or how immoral must she be before she crosses the line which would transfer from her relatives to the courts of the land the right to take cognizance of a wrong done to her?

The question whether the accused should or should not have the right to clear his character before death is, we regret to observe, agitating the whole Virginia press since the Loving acquittal. If you once admit that the private executioner can make a mistake, or err in his judgment as to what the sentence shall be, and how it shall be carried out, you undermine the very foundations of this sacred law. As it were, you commit contempt of court by insinuating that it can be led astray, and every editor so offending ought really to be jailed on bread and water. The lack of power so to punish is, perhaps, behind the suggestion that the "unwritten law" should now be written on the statute books, on the ground that, after all, it but bespeaks public approval of the supremacy of primordial feelings and instincts. This is gravely debated by the Lynchburg, Va., *News*, which finally concludes, however, that the law should be left unwritten. There remains this single drawback to Virginia's enacting the "healthy, wholesome public sentiment of the people into law":

> Let it be known that under given circumstances her laws will by implication give to man the right to kill, and the time would not be long in coming when the condition would serve as excuse and blind and shelter of defence, behind which the wilful murderer would attempt to hide, and often succeed in the essay. A "trumped-up" pretext, collusion, conspiracy, and what not, would be the means by which many a guilty wretch could escape his just deserts.

This, we submit, is mere pettifogging, and shows that the advocates of the unwritten law have still much expounding to do besides expanding their pet statute to its logical conclusions.

THE SOLACE OF IDEAS.

At the unveiling of a tablet at Oxford, the other day, in commemoration of Cecil Rhodes, Lord Rosebery spoke out of his personal knowledge of that remarkable man. He dwelt, in particular, upon the deep comfort which Rhodes long took in brooding over and perfecting the plans for his great Oxford endowment. He once said to Lord Rosebery: "When I find myself in uncongenial company, or when people are playing their games, or when I am alone in a railway carriage, I shut my eyes and think of my great idea. I turn it over in my mind and try to get a new light on it; it is the pleasantest companion that I have." And at times when Rhodes was attacked, too, when he was called a money-grubber and a disgrace to the English name—we will not inquire here with what truth—he would say: "All this does not worry me in the least. I have my will here, and when they abuse me, I think of it, and I know they will read it after I am gone, and will do me justice when I am dead."

Such companionship and comfort of high ideas must rank as one of the purest joys of life. They furnish a pleasure which is, in many ways, more common and more intense to-day than ever before. With large accumulations of wealth become so numerous, large plans of philanthropy are cherished by more people. The fore-reaching satisfactions of a wise founder must be very great. If a man of phlegm like Cecil Rhodes could find such solace in them, what must not be the anticipatory delights of more sensitive and demonstrative benefactors? There is occasionally a comic side to the experience. Some curmudgeon of a miser will chuckle to himself as he thinks of the reversal of public opinion about him which will take place when it is found that his life-long stinginess was but a means to a splendid burst of posthumous generosity. Unexpected charities or endowments on a large scale sometimes seem especially planned to dazzle, or to bid for the addition of surprise to applause. The Rogers bequest to the Metropolitan was on this order. Such unlooked-for gifts to the public lend piquancy to speculation about the motives and purposes of the most unpromising of rich men. An ingenious friend of ours is in the habit of asking newspaper men where the press would find a leg to stand on if it should appear that Harriman had left his millions to found a Home for Decayed Journalists!

This may be thought fantastic. It should be noted, however, that the attractiveness of a long-meditated plan, or conception, does not depend, in the mind of its possessor, upon its being sane or feasible. A whimsical thought may be as good a companion as a solid idea. Hobby-riders are not at all particular about the animal they bestride. He may be really knock-kneed and broken-winded, but if they think him sound and shapely, that suffices for them. The happiness lies in the hobby, irrespective of its nature.

And here we may see the mistake we often make in pitying crack-brained inventors, men with physical or social panaceas, fanatics, neglected geniuses, regenerators of the world. We think their lot unhappy. So it often is, outwardly, but in their hearts they are the happiest men alive. They know that they are right, and everybody else wrong, and what source of uplifting joy can be surer than that knowledge? Some experimenter in perpetual motion, some dabbler in alchemy, will bring you his prospectus, his company formed, with a few shares yet obtainable at a high figure, and you fear that you have broken his heart, or, perhaps, shattered his faith, when you incredulously turn him away empty-handed. On the contrary, you have confirmed and strengthened him. He will go out, saying to himself, "Fools! Fools!" When a man can say that heartily—when he has attained such a pitch of certitude about his pet idea—a felicity is in his keeping which no unbeliever can ever know or ever take away.

Going back to ideas which are philanthropic and feasible, it must be admitted that their execution sometimes dims the joy of contemplation. So many vexing circumstances, so many misunderstandings, so many unwelcome criticisms may present themselves when it is attempted to change the dream into reality. But this is the peril of every artist—and the embodier of a beneficent conception may be thought of as an artist in his way. Haydon said that he was never satisfied with his work until he had forgotten what he set out to do. Benevolent ideas frequently seem warped from their original intention, by the process of taking form in brick and mortar and charters and administrators. Some have argued from this that it is better, as Rhodes did, to leave the carrying out of a great foundation to one's executors; thus to have the long solace of the idea without the worry of executing it. But there is a pleasure, too, in overcoming difficulties; and plaudits in

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living ears sound grateful; so that there is reason enough for the growing custom of philanthropists to be their own executors.

LITERARY TENDENCIES.

A criticism of "Intellectual and Literary Italy at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century," by Albert Reggio, gives a rather discouraging account of Italian literature. The author thinks that "regionalism" and "hybridism" have had a bad effect upon Italian writers. By regionalism he means, of course, a provincialism which has led many to disregard the national traditions and to follow narrow and unimportant paths. Yet even Livy was charged with "Patavinity." Reggio seems, however, to have had in mind especially literature considered as an end in itself. Of this, no country is now producing a great deal.

He appears also to have overlooked the highly significant signs of the intellectual awakening in what is sometimes called "the third Italy." For, while no poet of high rank, with the exception of Carducci, has arisen in the new kingdom, and while neither D'Annunzio nor Fogazzaro shows striking originality, Italy is witnessing a marked ferment of ideas. Her universities have accomplished a great deal in philosophy, science, and law, by admirable work in lecture-room and laboratory. It is true that, with the passing away of the Pope's temporal power, and with the realization of Italian unity, many hoped for a great literary revival as an accompaniment of national self-consciousness. No such revival took place. Possibly, therefore, disappointment at not getting what was expected, blinds us to the value of what we did get.

However that may be, the "regionalism" of which M. Reggio complains has been one of the characteristics most admired in modern authors. Under the name of local color, or "faithful studies of out-of-the-way life," hosts of writers are in pursuit of it. It would be hard to name any American man of letters—excluding, of course, writers on history and science—who does not owe much of his reputation to regionalism. Nothing could be more regional than the works of Cooper and Longfellow. Thoreau was drenched in provincialism. It has been said of Hawthorne that he saw Europe with the eyes of a New England Puritan; and he displays his regionalism even when face to face with ancient Rome. Of the Italian variety of this tendency, M. Reggio remarks that most authors "in the most regionalistic country in the world" are led "fatally to get rid of all personality." Nietzsche's genius he describes as universal, D'Annunzio's as regional. "There is universality in the one, and consequently subjective genius; in the other there is only objectivity, consequently mechanism, and, thanks to the perfection of this, elegance, amplitude, harmony, plasticity."

Hybridism is the other defect observed by M. Reggio in contemporary Italian writings. It is caused by imitation of foreign models. Up to the present time, Italian literature has been too attentive to alien voices, too subservient and irresolute in the presence of exotic influences. German materialism and socialism, the logic of Hegel and the positivism of Comte, realism and symbolism, the French and the English drama, have all been hospitably received; but the result has been a suppression of originality. The Italian critics have frightened the poets into silence; the Italian editors prefer the French *feuilleton* to the *novelle* of native authors.

But if hybridism of this sort is a defect, it is one found in the literature of nearly every country. As in the days when Latin was the language of the learned, so now, when learning is polyglot, every European literature tends to be denationalized. A book that attracts notice in any one land is speedily translated into several languages. Hence no people remains outside the current, and no nation can construct a literature exclusively its own. As it was in the case of early English poetry, so it must always be. Traces of hybridism are in the works of all the immortals. There is more of Boccaccio in Chaucer than of Spenser in Milton. Shakespeare impressed his influence upon the German quite as much as upon the English drama. Especially should it be remembered that, while it is easy to trace the causes of decadence in a national literature, it is impossible at any given time to explain why no literary star of the first magnitude appears above the horizon. It would seem, then, that Reggio's mild pessimism is not wholly justified. Italy, with her distinguished place in contemporary science, is apparently doing her share in the lighter and more purely artistic forms of literary activity.

NURTURING THE RACE.

The work that is now being done by Mr. John Galsworthy, a comparatively new figure in British fiction, has been characterized as continuing the Dickensian tradition. Recent contributions by this writer to the London *Nation* show that the comparison with the author of "Little Dorrit" and "Oliver Twist" is an apt one. Like Dickens, he is most concerned with the life of London's poor and very poor, and, like Dickens, he is not afraid to be sentimental, vehement, and didactic. "Demos," a remarkable dialogue between a drunken, wife-beating London day-laborer and an undescribed interlocutor, is fully as effective a piece of special pleading as the exordium to the death scene of Little Jo in "Bleak House." "Old Age" is more photographic, more restrained, yet equally powerful as a portrayal of what terrors the simple word "future" may hold for those who have no leisure to look ahead. Both little fiction-essays—the French *enquête* would really describe them best—are reflective of the uncommon zeal with which Englishmen have lately begun to discuss at least the vast problem of poverty in its relations to race propagation and the national future. Mr. Galsworthy is distinctly the collaborator of Francis Galton, Karl Pearson, and Sidney Webb.

A sharp distinction, however, can be drawn between the aim that animates the work of the professional sociologists and the spirit we find in the literary artist's sketches. To the former the chief concern in this peril of the "degeneration" of England's urban inhabitants is broadly political and broadly biological. If the class of the unemployed continues to increase, if drunkenness and malnutrition remain unchecked, if no restraints are imposed on the employment of children and of mothers—what will become of the splendid English stock, and what will become of the British Empire? If the poorer classes continue to exhibit an appallingly high birth rate, while the comfortable and well-to-do persist in regulating propagation in accordance with the fluctuations of the income tax—what is to prevent England from speedily following in the footsteps of Rome? In "Demos" and "Old Age," on the other hand, we find anxiety and pity for the evil which is of the day, and the implied obligation on the part of society to cling to the rule formulated by the old man of Königsberg and to treat the Poplar seamstress or the West Ham coal-heaver as something of an end in themselves, to the exclusion of even such sonorous ideals as "race-cultivation" and "national supremacy."

If we are to take just the cold-blooded evolutionary or political standpoint, with regard to this entire question of proletarian race-swarming *versus* aristocratic race-suicide, it is not impossible to maintain that the evil of the situation has been unduly magnified. When we deplore the fact that the "best" elements should consciously restrict their own growth, while the "worst" elements multiply even as the sands of the sea, are we not really putting the cart before the horse? In arguing that improvident parenthood is responsible for poverty, we are only stating that the "worst" are the "worst" because of their multiplicity, and that the "best" hold their high place because of their carefully restricted numbers. Under present economic conditions, if by some miracle the birth-rate in London's East End should suddenly be cut in three and the birth-rate at the West End be trebled, it would only mean, in the course of time, a shifting of the slum district from Whitechapel to Grosvenor Square.

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Still from the same cold-blooded point of view, it may be argued that an enormous amount of human wastage is not necessarily inimical to the progress of the race; at least, we have grown accustomed to nature's expensive method of perfection-building, and the English student of evolution should regard with equanimity the development of an industrial slave population as the base on which British culture may rise to the heights of Greek civilization. As for national rivalry, here, too, it remains to be proved that a highly developed class-conscious oligarchy, backed by a submissive populace placated by various democratic fictions, could not hold its own against a better-fed nation led by inferior intelligence. Somehow Rome managed to struggle on for five or six hundred years after its inhabitants had become a mob of foreign public beggars. Add to this the important consideration that a parallel process is at work all over the world, and that, if Britain's undesirables grow fast, so do those of her possible competitors.

So we come back to what we have called—perhaps with too much emphasis—the Galsworthian point of view. As a matter of fact, it is unfair to draw a sharp distinction between humanitarians and scientific sociologists. Mr. Sidney Webb is not a notorious grinder of the faces of the poor, and possibly, with full knowledge of his British public's distaste for the abstract, in charity, as well as in everything else, he has been fooling it cleverly by telling England that, if it doesn't watch out, Germany will get it. His remedial suggestions certainly show no absence of a desire to cope with present needs on an extensive scale. Our point is directed only against the danger of over-emphasizing the scientific aspect of the problem. To lessen the present burden of human suffering is still quite as adequate a formula as any that has been set up, but it has become unfashionable. To speak of "eugenics" and the "endowment of motherhood" is strictly up to date; but, if you mention the hackneyed word "philanthropy," G. B. S. comes out and hits you with his shillelah.

THE STRUGGLE FOR—AN EXCUSE.

The assumption that the feverish haste of modern life is due to a forced "struggle for existence" is wholly unwarranted, so far as its general application is concerned. It is true that present-day organization has made it less easy than of old for the man of moderate means to conduct certain lines of business on an independent and fairly remunerative basis. It is not true, however, that the type of man who could do this in the past cannot find some form of equally profitable effort to-day. Doubtless, the college professor now receives but meagre pay in proportion to his services, but he has no hankering for a return of the time, not yet remote, when college presidents were serving for smaller salaries than the lower ranks of instructors in respectable institutions now get. The public in general sympathized with the women teachers of this city in their attempt to secure the same pay as men for equal work; but many of the petitioners are now paid higher salaries than the average male city superintendent commanded at a period within the memory of men not yet superannuated.

It is not the struggle for *existence* which is hurrying the human procession on at a pace beyond the limit of healthful endurance, but for existence upon some predetermined level, equal to or above that of others who are steadily held before the mind's eye as a standard of comparison. Smith starts with a competence, but ends in bankruptcy as a result, not of the fierce struggle for existence, but of the effort to maintain a seaside summer cottage and an automobile, as does his neighbor, Mr. Jones. His father went to Ohio penniless in the thirties, took up a farm, and died twenty-five years ago a wealthy man, not because the struggle was easier then, but because he shod his own work horses, mended his own boots, ate and wore the products of his own fields, and solaced his ear with the hum of the loom and not the piano. Had he endeavored to satisfy the more varied and expensive tastes now prevalent, disaster would have been the inevitable outcome.

Our colleges and universities are filled with the idea that short-cuts to degrees must be devised, so that the graduate may plunge earlier into the desperate struggle. Formerly there was time for a four years' cultural course, with full professional studies to follow. Now, we are told, this is impossible. Either by telescoping or by shortening, a year or two must be saved, if the boy is to have any chance. Any chance for what? So far as business success is concerned, it is a simple fact that college graduates who have brains and energy are working their way into lucrative employment with more ease to-day than at any previous period in the nation's history. If in certain lines where other qualities than shrewdness and push are important the comparison is possibly less favorable, it is imaginable that the difficulty lies in too brief a period of preparation for the demands of the age, rather than too extended. The theory of an Osler may do for the exceptional man of genius, but when it comes to the average, the world is suffering more from the rawness of men under forty who have never been sufficiently trained for the work they are trying to do, than from the incipient senility of really well-disciplined men between forty and sixty.

It is useless to attempt to convince the participants in the struggle that its ends are in general not worth so severe an effort. The *aurea mediocritas* is just the one thing of gold for which the gold-seeker can find no use in his business. Men who are not themselves carried beyond the point of reason, however, should not lend their weight to the fallacy that the present age, in addition to its accumulation of very real evils, is especially characterized by increasing difficulty in the struggle for *existence*. From the highest to the lowest, such a conception is radically at variance with the plain facts.

The dispute turns very largely upon the distinction made by Socrates. In the well-known dialogue where he was picturing the ideal simplicity of life, some one broke in with the objection that boughs to lie upon and the home-made loaf would not satisfy all. "Ah, I see," remarked Socrates, "it is not life that you are discussing, but luxurious life." No doubt, if men are to pitch their expectations by an ever increasing standard of luxury, its attainment will be increasingly difficult. That, however, is no more true to-day than it was in the time of Socrates.

THE OXFORD PAGEANT.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, July 4.

The Oxford pageant, enacted yesterday afternoon for the last time, has for several months past occupied the minds of Town and Gown alike. How modern a thing is this union of hearts in an enterprise requiring coöperation between the university and the city is brought home to us by one of the chief episodes enacted—the fatal town and gown riot of St. Scholastica's Day, 1354. How real has been the coöperation of all estates of men in this pageant could be seen at any time during these last six weeks and more by a glance at the thoroughfares of this ancient university seat.

Inured from of old to the scarlet silks and brocades which diversify doctors processions at the Encænia and at certain of the weekly university sermons, the streets of Oxford have lent themselves with a good grace during the last month and a half to the motley of throngs more brilliantly variegated than those of any carnival, whether Venetian, Roman, or Parisian. Angles in skins have jostled Puritan Ironsides in leather and feathers at the four corners of Carfax. Helmeted Normans, armed to the teeth, have flashed down Holywell and smoked briarwood pipes while clangorously bestriding bicycles down Long Wall Street. All the country roads leading into Oxford have been choked with thronging cavaliers on gallant chargers, with streaming locks and fluttering cloaks of red or green, purple or blue, making haste to their rendezvous with the martyred Charles on the playground of Magdalen College School. Queens, pages, squires, and court ladies of many generations have swarmed over Magdalen Bridge; Mercian nuns, archbishops, earls, cardinals, friars, black and white, have become a drug in the market; and the motley crowd of the

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fair, into the midst of which arrived George III. to the accompaniment of Handel's Water music—the closing muster of the pageant—has more than once quite crowded to the wall in Oxford streets the few miserable beings still wearing the too sober livery of to-day.

A distinguished archæologist, bent on the Ashmolean Museum and all unconscious of the local pageant, alighted here yesterday from Berlin. He was thunderstruck by the first thing he saw on leaving the station—a full-fledged courtier of Henry the VIII. dashing along on a motor bicycle with a cigarette in his mouth, and not a soul heeding him. Truly, a haven for the archæologist, this Oxford, where the man in the street is prepared for any apparition from the past that may present itself.

The pageant, then, made the gallantry of mediæval costume, the court dress of Elizabeth, and the finery of the Stuart levees and progresses a common matter in Oxford. All classes were familiar with it all, because all kinds of people took part. This gave to the actual scenes—parades, court functions, processions, progresses, and the like, all of them bringing in crowds of people—a charm of variety and reality difficult to find in similar scenes as commonly set on the stage. Mr. Lascelles, the indefatigable master of the pageant, overcame many difficulties, but did not have to contend with the hopelessly monotonous vulgarity of stage supernumeraries. In his skilfully marshalled groups and scenes all were stars, and there were no supernumeraries. Speaking generally, the purely mechanical conventions of the contemporary stage were more honored in the breach than in the observance. The grotesquery of the ordinary make-up for the footlights had to be mitigated for performers whose background was natural foliage and the open sky, and whose illumination was daylight pure and simple. Open-air performance favors, on the whole, a certain spontaneity and a return from conventionality to naturalness. Stage management did, however, most emphatically come into successful play in timing the various scenes. Although the whole representation lasted from four to seven, the time was well filled and there were no waits. This was constantly attended to, along with the grouping of colors and masses, by the master of the pageant, whose megaphone, audible among the *figurants* and *figurantes* of the meadow, could not be heard by the audience. He was on the roof of the grand stand wherein they were seated.

One of the much discussed dramatic unities, and one only, imposed itself on the sixteen events or parts of the whole representation. Each and all had to take place on the meadow overlooked by Magdalen tower, and surrounded by arms of the Cherwell. Here is the playing ground of Magdalen College School, where was bred J. R. Green, whose "History of the English People" is in some sort a protest against the undue importance commonly attached by historians to kings, courts, ceremonials, and battles. It is a striking and not wholly encouraging commentary on Green's ideas to find, in looking through the events chosen to illustrate Oxford history, that kings and courts and battles occupy the stage so constantly that very little space can be allotted to specifically University events, even in what is primarily a review of the history of a University town. Primeval and mediæval Oxford were represented by six events, Oxford since the Renaissance by nine. Of all these numbers, six only dealt with specifically academic events. The first of these, in which Mr. Bridges dramatizes the arrival at Oxford of Theobaldus Stampensis, is so obviously undramatic, that it might advantageously have been dispensed with. Next comes Mr. Oman's farcical episode of Roger Bacon, and the brazen head, an amplification of a well-known Elizabethan extravaganza. This travesty of mediæval learning has at least the merit of furnishing the occasion for Mr. Tovey's remarkable skit on Richard Strauss. Mr. Tovey's title is "Also sprach die reine Vernunft," and the musical extravaganza well assorts with the oracles of Friar Bacon, but neither the music nor the fun so much as hints that Friar Bacon played a great part in the progress of learning at Oxford.

The third academic scene is the riot on St. Scholastica's day—dramatized most effectively in Mr. Godley's dialogue. Fighting and carnage always command attention irrespective of the intellectual attainments of the heads that are broken. The scene between Wolsey and Henry VIII. brings in the foundation of Cardinal College episodically; the real dramatic interest concerns first Catharine, Henry VIII., and Anne Bullen, and then the delightful allegory performed for their diversion. The same is true of Sir Thomas Bodley's foundation, most skilfully wrought into the fifth academic episode, where Miss Wordsworth inimitably introduces King Jamie and Lord Bacon animadverting upon the dramatic improprieties and exuberance of poor Shakespeare, who just manages to keep his temper until these great people pass off the scene, and certainly monopolizes the dramatic interest. The attraction of the sixth academic episode, James II.'s expulsion of the fellows of Magdalen, certainly centred in politics.

Thus the only one of these six episodes which ought to be most interesting, since it contains nothing of courts, of battles, or of royal ceremonial, has turned out to be the only one that proved unsuitably dull for the pageant. This certainly shows that the Consultative Committee were wise in running counter to J. R. Green's general view. Fascinating in its results as worked out by the historian, Green's notion of neglecting the pomps and victories of history, the finery of courts and the carnage of battlefields, plainly has no scope in the plan of a pageant. But the committee would have failed had they been content to make plain at Oxford that purely academic facts and interests cannot be made interesting in dramatic representation. They were therefore most happily inspired when they accepted from Professor Raleigh their wonderful Interlude—"The Masque of the Mediæval Curriculum." This most uniquely fascinating poem made of the Oxford Pageant a new departure of interest alike to the historian of literature and of the stage.

It is an open secret that this imaginative projection of the mediæval spirit into a series of wonderful tableaux, with accompanying poetical exegesis, is largely, indeed so far as the poetry goes chiefly, the work of Mr. Markoe, lately of Harvard University, and now of Magdalen College, Oxford. Prof. Walter Raleigh has insisted upon this fact, although the general conception of the masque owes so much to Raleigh himself that it figured in connection with his name.

Indeed, the exquisite literary charm of this masque was but one of the many graces that adorned it. Such were its beauties of detail that only a general impression can be given. Pleasure and her train vie with Divinity hedged around by the liberal arts of the Trivium and Quadrivium, for the allegiance of the wise student and the foolish one. The difficulty of the choice was shared by every onlooker. On the whole, Pleasure floated around us practically irresistible, although the wise student's choice of Divinity and her austere attendants was just momentarily conceivable, but not when we were confronted by "Bacchus and his lustful throng, mingling their ribald jests with drunken song." This merry tableaux won the enthusiastic admiration of all beholders.

In his Bacchanalian throng and in the Allegory performed before Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine—where bees and ants swarm from the Castle of Industry, whence issues the slayer of the dragon Ignorance—the small fry of Oxford figured with such effect as to justify the common saying that young children always take on their best looks in the otherwise much maligned Oxford climate. Among the scenes unaccompanied with dialogue, a very striking one was the Coronation of Harold Harefoot (1036), where was introduced, with thrilling beauty of effect, the actual plainsong known to have been sung on the occasion. The funeral of Amy Robsart was equally effective, and more minutely correct, because so much more detailed information is available, and because Lord Dillon's knowledge was exhaustive. Here Mr. Donald Tovey's polyphonic movement for four trombones came in to show how much music can achieve if a composer frankly subdues his hand to that in which it is called on to work. This masterpiece of pageant accompaniment is likely to figure on concert programmes in the future.

The sombre funereal note was taken up in a later scene by the weirdly melancholy Pavane—one of Lully's—played for the ladies whose graceful evolutions were the entertainment offered by Laud to his king just arrived. Costumes, grouping, and landscape all melted into one delightful harmony in the three Stuart scenes. Oxford always belongs to Charles the First, and Charles the First to Oxford—a fact to which our own Longfellow was most keenly alive. On the present occasion Charles would have been the more at ease because of the "make-up" of his host, the Vice-Chancellor Laud. Among many happy hits this reincarnation of Laud, which was the well-known Bodleian portrait to absolute perfection, ranks foremost. The King himself would have been deceived, but would hardly have understood if it had afterwards been explained that the impersonator of Laud was Mr. Clark Tandy of Exeter College. So far he would have followed; but what would he have thought when he heard it added that Mr. Tandy was a Rhodes scholar from Kentucky? The putative emotions of the martyred King may perhaps some day be recorded by Samuel Clemens, Esq., Hon. Litt.D., Oxford, who twice attended the pageant with

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increasing enthusiasm and was twice the recipient of an ovation from the spectators, all of whom evidently shared Lord Curzon's admiration for our inimitable compatriot.

LOUIS DYER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There has just been published the first volume (covering A to E) of a new bibliographical work with the rather imposing title: "The Bibliographer's Manual of American History. Containing an account of all State, Territory, Town and County Histories Relating to the United States of North America." It is compiled by Dr. Thomas Lindsey Bradford, and edited and published by Stan. V. Henkels, the Philadelphia auctioneer, through whose hands pass annually so many rare and important books.

To criticise a work of this sort is easy, but to prepare any extended bibliography and have it free from errors or omissions is impossible. The transcripts of titles of most of the books are full, and collations are generally given. The modern bibliographer demands fuller collations than are given in the older works, and Dr. Bradford in many cases has furnished these. In this respect, however, the work is very uneven. For example, the collation of Alsop's "Character of the Province of Maryland," 1666, one of the rarest of books, is given as "10 p. l., pp. 118. Portrait and Map," while the 1902 reprint of the book has a page-by-page collation filling fourteen lines. It is a pity also that more of the notes are not original. With a few exceptions they are quoted, and this largely from Rich, Field, Stevens, Thomson, and Sabin, whose notes, though admirable at the time, are now in many cases antiquated. The auction sale records are in some cases very full, but are set "solid," and the arrangement is haphazard. In some cases sale records of many years ago only are given. Only one record (Brinley, 1880, $56) is given for Bonoeil's book on Silkworms in Virginia, "His Majestie's Gracious Letter," etc., 1622, but there are two important recent records, McKee, 1902, $260, and Lefferts, 1902, £67. Only one record of sale is given for John Eliot's "Tears of Repentance," 1653, that of $100 paid for Rice's copy in March, 1870. This same copy has since been resold twice (in the Menzies and Griswold sales), and other copies were sold in the Brinley, Barlow, Ives, Deane, and other sales. No record of sale is given for Eliot's "Brief Narrative," 1671, though several copies have been sold at auction. Other similar omissions of this sort might be pointed out. On the other hand, records of sales of moderately-priced books which do not find a place in "Book-Prices Current" are entered in many cases. For the average collector, bookseller, or librarian it is sometimes just as important to find that a book is worth only twenty-five cents, as to find that it is worth as many dollars.

Omissions are likely to be discovered by use. Local items are, in the nature of the case, often difficult to trace. Sir William Alexander's "Map and Description of New England," 1630, is included, but the earlier issue of the same book with a different title "An Encouragement to Colonies," 1624, is omitted. The title of the first edition of Breton's "Briefe and True Relation," 1602, is given, but the collation is that of the second edition of the same year. The first edition, interesting as being the first printed account of any voyage of Englishmen to the shores of New England, contains twelve leaves only, signatures A., B., and C., each four leaves. The second edition has twenty-four leaves, with a different title containing the words: "With divers instructions of special moment newly added"; in this second impression, Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations," 1727, as well as Shea's reprint of it made in 1866, are included, but the only other edition mentioned had simply the entry "The Same, London: 1747." As a matter of fact, the London edition is not by any means the same as that of 1727, but includes much additional matter. Sabin describes also editions of 1750 (some copies without date) and 1755, the latter in two volumes.

Of the many editions of the "Navigator," ascribed to Zadok Cramer, the earliest described is the fifth edition, 1806, and nothing has been added to Sabin's and Thomson's account except a few more recent sale records. The third edition, printed by John Scull in Pittsburgh, in 1802, has the title: "The Ohio and Mississippi Navigator Comprising an Ample Account of those Beautiful Rivers, from the Head of the Former to the Mouth of the Latter." No copies of the first or second editions seem to be traceable.

An exhaustive index by titles and an index by States are promised at the conclusion of the work, and will form the fifth volume. This index will make the information in the work accessible to the local collector and librarian, and render it practically indispensable to the collector of local histories.

Correspondence.

THE POSITION OF PROFESSOR HARNACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A note in the *Nation* of July 11 very properly calls attention to the recent noteworthy productions of Professor Harnack in the field of New Testament criticism. The mention of "conservative results," however, and of the "historical credibility of the book" (*i. e.*, the Acts of the Apostles), may prove misleading to some as to the actual position of the Berlin savant in regard to the trustworthiness of the writings ascribed to Luke. It is true that Harnack, in "Lukas der Arzt" (Leipzig: 1906), and in more recent articles, argues strenuously for the Lukan authorship of the entire book of Acts, as well as of the third Gospel, and thus antagonizes many critics who have held that the later chapters of the Acts, especially the "we-sections," were from another hand than the earlier chapters, and that the tradition ascribing both history and Gospel to the physician Luke, the companion of Paul, is untenable. It is true also that he pleads for a larger measure of credence for the Lukan writings in general than have been recently accorded them, *e. g.*, by Clemen, Jülicher, and Weizsäcker. But, on the other hand, no careful reader of Harnack could make him sponsor for what are commonly known as the traditional opinions concerning these portions of the New Testament, nor will any one who desires to place confidence in Luke as an historian find much to his liking in Harnack's pages. While praising the smoothness and graphic picturesqueness of Luke's style, Harnack asserts that Luke proceeds in chapter after chapter with great carelessness as to facts, and that he frequently is entirely misleading. This holds good, Harnack maintains, for the Gospel as well as for the Acts, and for the second part of the Acts as well as for the first (p. 80). He asserts that Luke's picture of the primitive Church in Jerusalem leaves much to be desired in point of clearness and credibility (p. 88). Paul's attitude toward the decree of the Apostolic council can not have been that recorded in Acts 15, and subsequent chapters (p. 91). Luke has exaggerated the friendliness of the Roman Government toward the new religion, and treated Pilate with more than justifiable leniency (p. 96). Moreover, the conception of the Christian salvation which obtains in both Gospels and Acts is, according to Harnack, extremely deficient: Luke seems to conceive Jesus as a supernatural medicine-man and exorcist, and to regard miracle healing as the proper function and real test of the new faith (p. 100). Further, this physician-author is described as a "Christian Science" practitioner (the English phrase is used), and compensating characteristics are sought for his magic, his colossal credulity, his theological superficiality, and his genuinely Greek fondness for fabulating (p. 116).

It is true that Harnack discovers compensating merits in Luke in abundance, and that he describes with enthusiasm his worth as an historian. The above extracts give a very one-sided notion of the portrayal of Luke in "Lukas der Arzt." They are nevertheless necessary to a fair judgment on Harnack's position as a New Testament critic, and they indicate with sufficient force how far his recent publications are from supporting the traditional position, as that is commonly understood. When the views of the Berlin professor are taken as a whole, it is probable that few would care to claim them as "conservative results."

The misunderstanding is due, doubtless, to Harnack's peculiar use of the word "tradition" in some of his clear, ringing sentences. He has a fondness for "tradition" in the sense of ecclesiastical and patristic reminiscences of persons and places, authors and sites, connected with early Church history, together with a remarkable genius for seeming to prove the correctness of many of these early opinions. With him a "return to tradition" means a return to the very early opinion that the author of the Acts was the physician Luke, and that the fourth Gospel was written by a man by the name of John in Ephesus, but he does not mean by it a return to the unquestioned opinion of 200 years ago, that the Acts contains a reliable portrayal of the personality of Paul, or that the Gospel of John is of equal value as an historical document with the Gospel of Mark.

Mistaken conclusions of this sort are the less excusable since the same blunder was made ten years ago, and corrected. Referring to that error, and in anticipation,

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it should seem, of such misapprehensions as might arise from the note in the *Nation*, Harnack wrote in the preface to the work on Luke under discussion:

Ich sah mich plötzlich zum Zeugen dafür gemacht, dass wir uns in der *Sachkritik* in einer rückläufigen Bewegung befänden. Für dieses Missverständniss bin ich nicht verantwortlich, ja ich habe mich in jener Vorrede im voraus gegen dasselbe geschützt; es hat aber nichts geholfen. So sei denn jetzt ausdrücklich ausgesprochen, dass in der *Sachkritik* viele überlieferte Positionen m. E. immer unhaltbarer erscheinen und überraschenden Erkentnissen Platz machen müssen.

JOHN M. THOMAS.

East Orange, N. J., July 19.

DEFACING PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ever since the newspapers noticed the action of the House of Commons prohibiting the defacing of scenery by advertisements, I have been wondering how the fundamental law of private property in England makes such an enactment possible.

Your editorial in the *Nation* of June 20 leads me to ask if you can suggest how we can as a nation, State, or city, "imitate" England in prohibiting the defacements on property owned by private individuals. We have, in this State, a law which protects State property from defacement, but diligent search has failed to show me a constitutional and lawful way to stop advertisements on private property. We have a city ordinance forbidding painting advertisements on the walls of buildings, but attorneys for property owners easily showed our city attorney that such an ordinance was unconstitutional. One of the glories of Colorado is her scenery, and you will win her gratitude if you can point out a method of saving it from advertising vandals.

A year ago or so, there was a warm exchange of compliments between the editor (I think) of the New York *Times* and the editor of the Hartford *Courant* over an enormous disfiguring whiskey advertisement, which from the wall of an adjoining building glared a welcome to all passengers alighting at the Hartford depot, but the *non possumus* of the Hartford authorities seemed well based in the constitutional provisions of the State.

Practically, the question is: Can police power be extended to æsthetics, and if so, how, and how far?

Much as I personally detest the advertisement on bill boards on empty lots or on the walls of private buildings, I see no way to forbid it without opening the door to saying how one shall shape and color one's house, or cut one's hair.

The Supreme Court of the United States went, so it seems to me, unduly far recently in supporting a Wyoming law declaring a certain thing to be a nuisance. What is a nuisance is not a matter for legislative enactment, but for determination of a court; and public health, morals, and safety, and not æstheticism, must remain the touchstone.

Pardon the length of this letter. The matter is of growing importance. I have had the misfortune to be retained in successful opposition to the enforcement of æsthetic laws, but I am keenly desirous of finding a way" for reasonable and safe restraint of vandals.

CHAS. W. HAINES.

Colorado Springs, Col., July 1.

THE PRESIDENTS OF WILLIAMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The election of Professor Garfield to the presidency of Williams College does not involve so great a departure from precedent as your interesting note of July 11 suggests.

The first three presidents were regular clergymen. The fourth, the venerated Mark Hopkins, though he became a great preacher, never studied for the ministry, but took a full course in medicine before accepting the professorship of moral philosophy in the college, and was licensed to preach while occupying that chair, three years before his election as president.

His successor, President Chadbourne (1872-81), was in no sense a clergyman, but always a student and teacher of natural history. He also became a frequent and vigorous college preacher, but had no theological education, and was never ordained. I still have his letter, written during my student days, in which he says, with reference to a proposed sketch of his life: "Please remember that while I am a D.D., I am *not* a Reverend."

President Carter (1881-1901) was a teacher of languages—French and Latin at Williams; German at Yale—and had no clerical relations of any sort when chosen to the presidency. He gave the baccalaureate sermon regularly during his incumbency, and may have been ordained after his election, though I have no certain knowledge on this point.

It is true, as you say, that both Dr. Chadbourne and Dr. Carter taught semi-theological subjects—natural theology, theism, etc.—and no doubt these subjects were deemed especially appropriate for the president, especially since they would not occupy his entire time. But the truth appears to be that Williams was one of the early colleges to elect non-clerical presidents, and that the requisites for the office have always been, as now, scholarship, administrative ability, and definite Christian character and ideals, without reference to technical ministerial standing. C. S. H.

Chicago, July 13.

[In spite of the facts which our correspondent cites, we feel that the election of Professor Garfield will be generally, and justly, regarded as a break in clerical tradition. We by no means intended to convey the impression that all former presidents of Williams had been pastors of churches.—ED. NATION.]

WARNING AGAINST AN IMPOSTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of the *Nation* should be warned against the advances of an impostor, who pretends to be an expert in classical archæology, and is travelling from city to city endeavoring to procure assistance under various pretexts. In some places he represents himself as Prof. August Mau, and shows a copy of "Pompeii: Its Life and Art" as his work; elsewhere, meeting those who know Professor Mau personally, he gives the name of Alexander Mau, and claims to be a nephew of the Pompeiian archæologist. He is described as about five feet and six or seven inches in height, and as wearing a moustache, with a small goatee; he is intelligent and well dressed, and speaks with a strong German accent.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

University of Michigan, July 15.

Notes.

We have seen no more interesting announcement than that the Dictionary of National Biography is to be reissued in cheaper form. The present 66 volumes are to be made up into 22. The type will remain the same, but the paper, we presume, will be thinner. The publication will probably begin next year.

In the autumn the Macmillan Company will begin the publication of an English translation of Alexandre Dumas's Memoirs. The whole work, in six volumes, is full of interesting pictures and anecdotes of French literary life.

The same house will soon issue a volume of sermons by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, author of "The New Theology."

Baedeker's "Southern France, Including Corsica," appears in a fifth edition. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will bring out early in the autumn a new volume of essays by Stopford A. Brooke, entitled "Studies of Poetry." Another book of the same class to be published by Putnams is R. A. Willmott's "Pleasures of Literature."

Alfred Nutt is preparing a uniform edition of the best of W. E. Henley's writings.

Edward Thomas, who is writing a life of Richard Jefferies, requests that papers or letters bearing on the subject may be sent to him at Berryfield Cottage, Ashford, Petersfield, Eng.

Though "Arctic Number" is the sub-title of the *National Geographic Magazine* for July, the opening article is the recent address of Secretary Taft, at St. Louis, on our efforts to aid the peoples of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. This is followed by an account of a cruise last summer in the Arctic by Max Fleischman, in which an attempt to reach the east shore of Greenland failed on account of the ice. There is also given the substance of Commander Peary's address to the National Geographic Society describing his latest explorations, together with a record of his previous services taken from Major-Gen. Greely's "Handbook of Arctic Discoveries." A brief sketch of Spitzbergen, now known as "No Man's Land," Norway and Sweden being unable to agree as to its possession, contains the suggestion that some power should assume authority over the archipelago, for the game—reindeer, polar bears, ptarmigan, geese, ducks, and other birds, formerly so plentiful—is being wantonly exterminated. A party of tourists last summer killed more than one hundred reindeer, leaving the carcasses where they fell, and taking with them only a few of the finest heads and antlers. The picture feature of the number consists of reproduc-

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tions of photographs illustrating a list of Arctic expeditions commanded by Americans, beginning with that of Lieut. De Haven in search of Franklin.

The most significant of the contents of the *Geographical Journal* for July is Geo. G. Chisholm's inquiry as to the influence of geographical conditions on rail and water transport. It is full of suggestive facts and statistics in regard to transportation on the inland waterways of Germany, England, and America, with several sketch-maps and designs. Of equal value was the discussion on the subject by leading members of the society, the general trend of which was against government built or aided canals in England. Among the important facts brought out were the substantial diminution of waterway transport in the United States, and that England was behind other nations in the matter of cheap carriage. As an illustration of this, the chief engineer of the Manchester Ship Canal, H. Hunter, said that in 1904 some crates of pottery, intended for London, were sent by mistake from Tunstall to New York and from thence to London, at a cost of 15s. per ton. The railway carriage direct was 25s. per ton, "so that it may be said that the cheapest route from Tunstall to London is via New York." An interesting communication from Dr. Stein gives the main results of his expedition in Central Asia up to last February. Among his finds in the ruins are more than 1,300 Tibetan records on wood and paper, many of them as early as the first centuries of our era, as well as fine frescoes and paintings "remarkable for clever adaptation of classical forms to Indian subjects and ideas." A very interesting excavation was that of a house of a "local official, who, besides leaving files of papers, *i. e.*, tablets, scattered on the floor of his office room, had taken care to hide a small archive, undoubtedly documents of value, below one of its walls. From the way in which the place of deposit was contrived and marked, it appears probable that the house was abandoned in some emergency. All the deeds, etc., found here still retain their original wooden covers and string fastenings, in perfect condition. Among the dozens of intact clay seals which attest these documents, impressions from Græco-Roman intaglios prevail," testifying to the early cultural interchange between the classical West and the Far East.

It is a remarkable evidence of the abiding influence of Prof. Albert Socin of Leipzig, the most famous pupil and the successor of the still more famous H. L. Fleischer, that now, fully eight years after the departure of Socin, his pupils and friends have established, under the auspices of the Saxon Royal Society, an Albert Socin Stiftung, which stipendium will furnish every three years the sum of eighteen hundred marks to some young graduate of the theological or philosophical faculty to go to the Orient and there engage in linguistic, literary, and ethnological research in the Arabic speaking lands, especially in Syria and Palestine.

A comely and useful book is "Cobden as a Citizen," by William E. A. Axon (A. Wessels Co.). The author found his provocation in the discovery of a copy of Cobden's long-lost pamphlet, "Incorporate your Borough." Though 5,000 copies of it were printed in 1838, not a single surviving one had rewarded the search of collectors and delvers in the local lore of Manchester. Among some family papers, a specimen finally turned up, and its reprinting has given Mr. Axon occasion for writing a chapter in Manchester municipal history. The obsolete fashion in which that city was ruled before the charter was at last granted, is faithfully and amusingly set forth, and Cobden's part in the struggle for reform is entertainingly told. A long and presumably exhaustive Cobden bibliography, together with the reproduction of an early painting of the great reformer and a view of his last residence in Manchester, rounds out a little volume which all admirers and students of Cobden will desire to possess.

T. E. Kebbel is a veteran English journalist, and his "Lord Beaconsfield, and other Tory Memories," (New York: Mitchell Kennerley), is rather thin-spun "copy." With none of the statesmen and noblemen whom he here touches upon did he pretend to have any especial intimacy. He met them socially, at intervals, and brought, or sought from them, the news and opinions about which it was his duty as a party newspaper man to write. In reality, we learn more of Mr. Kebbel, his prejudices and convictions, his services and experiences, than we do of the men whom he undertakes to portray. The author stands revealed as the truest-blue Tory that ever lived, lamenting even the reforms of 1832, and with the blunted sense of humor which goes with that character. Some of the samples he offers of aristocratic wit are rather terrifying. His "Tory Ladies," in particular, appal one by their brilliancy. There was the "amusing" Lady Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Rutland. "'Here's a gentleman,' said the Duke, 'who says he remembers you at Belvoir.' 'Oh, does he!' was the reply." There are many pages of this sort of overwhelming repartee. Still, the book has a good deal of lightly entertaining political and personal gossip, which might while away an idle hour.

"In the Days of Goldsmith" (A. S. Barnes & Co.), by Tudor Jenks, is a compilation from the longer biographies of the poet. It is carelessly written, as though Mr. Jenks thought that the proprieties of grammar would be thrown away on the young and the little-read, whom he addresses. "In the year 1763," he writes on p. 158, "occurred an event that may not have interested literary London, but one that was to affect many great interests in the future, was the invention of the spinning-jenny." Among the "historical events of 1762" he places the death of George IV., and writes "Tunbury Wells" for Tunbridge Wells. As an example of his vague manner, we may quote his description of Goldsmith's birthplace, Pallas, in Ireland. He omits the name of the county, and is content with the statement that "speaking generally, it may be said that this locality is about the middle of the country." Altogether the volume is a good example of hasty book-making.

A volume of sermons by the late Phillips Brooks, translated into German by R. Bolt, is meeting with favorable reception. The discourses are admired for their depth and wealth of thought, their beautiful form, chosen but never sought, and for their union of logical clearness with warmth of feeling. The different conditions as to church attendance which prevail in Germany, as well as the different conceptions of preaching, are seen in the fact that these sermons are pronounced "too high" for the German church-going public. The German pastor still preaches to the *Bauer*, and has no very high regard for his auditor's intellectual capacity. The frankness and boldness of Brooks, and his evident desire to bring before his congregation his intellectual best, strike the German readers of his sermons with no little astonishment. The sermon on the "Light of the World," well known to American readers, seems to attract special attention. Professor Peabody writes a commendatory introduction for the volume, which bears the striking title, "Ein Ruf in die Höhe" (Berlin: Martin Warneck).

The Rev. Samuel Gardiner Ayres, librarian of the Drew Theological Seminary, has prepared a bibliography of more than 5,000 titles in English on the Life of Christ and various topics connected with the teaching and work of Jesus ("Jesus Christ Our Lord," A. C. Armstrong & Son). The volumes are classified under such headings as the Preëxistence of Christ, Christ in the Old Testament, Christ Incarnate, His Birth, The Virgin Birth, etc. A complete subject index, as well as an index of authors, enables the reader to find all the material on a given sub-topic, as well as the complete works of a given author on the general subject. Brief annotations indicate the character and standpoint of a large number of the volumes mentioned. As far as it goes, this bibliography is valuable, but, of course, for the modern student the limitation to works in English, save the few that have been translated, seriously affects its usefulness.

The third volume of the "Original Narratives of Early American History," which deals with Spanish exploration in the Southern United States from 1528 to 1543, is the second volume of the series in order of chronology. It contains three narratives selected from the many scores of similar relations. The first, by Alva Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, of a journey from Florida to the Gulf of California, and the third, by Pedro de Castañeda of Coronado's expedition, are edited by Frederick W. Hodge of the Bureau of American Ethnology. The second, by the Gentleman of Elvas, of De Soto's expedition through the Gulf States to the Mississippi, is edited by Theodore Hayes Lewis, the archæologist. Accompanying the narratives are two maps —a contemporary drawing of the area of De Soto's wanderings, and a chart of Coronado's movements, especially drawn for this volume under Mr. Hodge's supervision—and a facsimile of the title page of Cabeza de Vaca's "Relacion." By reason of his familiarity with the aboriginal archæology of the Southwest, Mr. Hodge is admirably fitted to cope with the difficult problems raised in Cabeza de Vaca's narrative, and after George Parker Winship, whose translation has been used here, is the leading expert on Coronado's expedition, having written an important monograph on the subject in 1899. Mr. Lewis, whose life has been largely devoted to archæological investigations in the Northwestern and Southern States, is no less an authority, and has already given

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time and attention to the route followed by De Soto and his companions. It is somewhat to be regretted that neither Mr. Hodge nor Mr. Lewis has thought best to attempt maps of the routes taken by Cabeza de Vaca, and De Soto, for the reader would find his interest in the volume considerably increased by knowing somewhat exactly the possible or probable course of their wanderings. Nevertheless, the volume is of great interest in itself, and furnishes the best possible introduction to a further study of the large and intricate problem of Spanish explorations in America. (Scribners.)

Blätter für Volksbibliotheken und Lesehallen (Leipzig: Harrassowitz) quite frequently contains articles of interest to others than librarians. Even the papers concerned with professional topics deal less with technical details than with questions of management and are mostly of a descriptive and historical nature, such as C. Lansberg's article on the possibility of joining savings banks and public libraries, or J. Hanauer's "Experiences and Propositions for Music Libraries." But in addition to such papers nearly every number offers a sketch of some more or less well-known author, considered as "Volksschriftsteller," that is, as an author whose writings commend him to that class of hard-working men and women who still retain an interest in the best in literature, a class more numerous in Germany than perhaps in any other country. The double number for May and June of this year thus offers a short memorial sketch of the late Adolf Stern, by the editor, Prof. E. Liesegang in Wiesbaden. Stern was, as is well known, chiefly a critic and literary historian whose "Deutsche Nationalliteratur von Goethes Tod bis zur Gegenwart" is one of the best, if not the best, guide to modern German literature. In his "Studien zur Literatur der Gegenwart" Stern presents quite an array of critical and biographical essays about nineteenth-century authors, both German and foreign; among the non-German we find such names as Turgenieff, Maupassant and Ibsen, Strindberg, V. Rydberg, and Snoilsky, with whom he was connected by close ties of friendship.

More than one class of students will be interested in P. M. C. Kermode's "Manx Crosses" (Bemrose & Sons, London), being a description of the inscribed and sculptured monuments of the Isle of Man from about the end of the fifth to the beginning of the thirteenth century. Among the earlier pieces, which number seventy in all, there are four with inscriptions in Ogam of the Munster type, three with inscriptions in Latin in debased Roman capitals or Hiberno-Saxon minuscules, and one with Anglian runes. Of the later Scandinavian pieces, twenty-seven are inscribed with Scandinavian runes, and nearly all are adorned with designs developed from Celtic models. The work as a whole is divided into four sections: (1) An introduction on the distribution of the stones, with plans and views of the ancient Keeils, or chapels, where some of the earlier ones have been found; (2) an account of the art of the monuments, with a summary of the patterns and designs, figures, etc., of the Celtic and Scandinavian slabs; (3) the inscriptions, figured on a uniform scale, with translations, alphabets, etc.; (4)—and most important—full and detailed descriptions of the several stones, with figures bringing out the details of the more elaborate decoration. The present issue is limited to four hundred copies. The price (two guineas each to subscribers) will be raised after publication.

A new edition of "Nathan der Weise," by Dr. Tobias J. C. Diekhoff of the University of Michigan (American Book Company), directs attention again to an unusually well prepared *Ausgabe* of this classic. Besides a bibliographical preface, there is an introduction of sixty-six pages dealing with "Nathan as a Religious Polemic," "Nathan as a Work of Art," "The Genesis of Nathan," and the "Historical Foundation" of the story. Dr. Diekhoff takes issue with those critics who have long followed "the fashion to speak of 'Nathan' as the great plea for religious toleration," asserting that "it was not toleration about which Lessing was primarily concerned," but that he wrote against the orthodox Christianity of his time.

News reaches us of the death of Sir Spencer Walpole, known in letters chiefly for his "History of England in the Nineteenth Century."

MANAGING IRELAND.

The Irish Parliament: 1775. From an Official and Contemporary Manuscript. Edited by William Hunt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Including books already published and books in preparation there will soon be quite a library concerning British Parliamentary bosses. Charles Elphinstone Adams's "View of the Political State of Scotland," published in 1887, was the first in the series. Next came McCullagh Torrens's "History of Cabinets," a book of not much value, but at least of service for the extent to which Torrens drew on the enormous mass of electioneering letters and papers that were left by Henry Pelham Clinton, Duke of Newcastle, who was the most active Parliamentary boss and borough-master of the Georgian era. It has long been known that a life of Henry Dundas, the greatest Parliamentary manager of Scotland between the Union and the Reform act of 1832, is in preparation; and more recently there has been an announcement that at the long last an author has been forthcoming—a Canadian, by the way—who is not appalled by the work which must confront the biographer of George III., the greatest Parliamentary manager among the Kings of England from the days of the Stuarts to the Victorian era.

While students of the working of the Parliamentary system are impatiently awaiting these biographies of Dundas and George III., Dr. Hunt has come forward with another and quite unexpected contribution to the growing library of Parliamentary management, and has edited a report on the Irish Parliament which was prepared in 1775. Lord Harcourt was Viceroy at that time, with Col. John Blaquiere as his Chief Secretary; and it was one of the imperative duties of Harcourt and Blaquiere to see that the Government never failed to control a sufficient number of the members of the House of Commons to allow of its business going through Parliament with as little delay and obstruction as possible.

It had not always been the business of the Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries to undertake this disagreeable work. Prior to 1767 the English Government had let the business out on contract to Irish magnates—lay and clerical—who are known to-day in Irish Parliamentary history as undertakers. But George III. was addicted to Parliamentary management; and, not having enough of the business on hand at Westminster, he had in 1767 taken it out of the hands of the native territorial bosses—of these long recognized professionals—and committed it to the Lord Lieutenants. These new duties were never congenial to Englishmen charged with the government of Ireland; and there was not a Lord Lieutenant from the days of Townsend, who was in Dublin when the change of 1767 was made, to those of Cornwallis, who had the business in hand at the Union, that did not deplore the necessity of dealing with the Irish gentry who came to market at Dublin Castle with the House of Commons votes they had for sale. In the Irish archives for the period between 1767 and the Union, there must be many reports not unlike that which accidentally found its way into a London second-hand bookdealer's stock, and ultimately came into the possession of Dr. Hunt. This report was compiled by Blaquiere when he and Harcourt were facing a crisis in the House of Commons over a money bill—a crisis that was rendered the more acute by the pending trouble in the American Colonies. But crises in the Irish House of Commons were of frequent occurrence all through the last half of the eighteenth century. They were inevitable; for it was obviously to the advantage and profit of the grafters who hived in the Lower House, and also of the peers who were borough-masters, to create a crisis, and to make the Lord Lieutenant and his secretary realize that danger was ahead for any Government measures that were pending. A crisis meant an upward movement in the quotations at Dublin Castle for votes in the House of Commons, and a hastening to market of almost every man who directly or indirectly controlled any Parliamentary influence.

As the Blaquiere manuscript shows, it was with varied currency that the Chief Secretary went into the market. For borough-masters who controlled many votes there were peerages and promotions in the peerage, Irish Privy Councillorships, church patronage, and small Government jobs to be handed on to their heelers in the constituencies. For members in the House of Commons who owed allegiance to no borough-master—men who had bought borough seats outright—there were in some cases Irish peerages; but most of these men were paid in offices or pensions, or in money bonuses; while for the less fortunate men—the impecunious lawyers who owed their seats to borough-masters who had first claim to the Government rewards—there were offices of less value, and now and again a pension or a gift of money. With only two or three exceptions—notably Macartney, Blaquiere, and Castlereagh—every secretary to the Lord Lieutenant from 1767 to the Union was an Englishman. During this period it was not deemed expedient in Downing Street to trust an Irishman with the delicate duties which House of Commons management threw on the Chief

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Secretary; and the first question that a new Chief Secretary asked on taking possession of his desk at Dublin Castle was, "What have I to go to market with?" which meant how much money was there at his disposal for bribery; how many pensions could be distributed among the dependent and needy Parliamentarians; and how many peerages or promotions in the peerage George III. would sanction to buy the House of Commons support of the rapacious Irish territorial magnates—the men who had accumulated riches and honors out of their close connection with the wretched hybrid institution which was known until 1800 as the Irish Parliament.

Two vignettes from Blaquiere's gallery of portraits of these Irish statesmen will serve to indicate the commerce that went on in the Chief Secretary's room in Dublin Castle. They are those of Maurice and Robert Fitzgerald. Maurice was boss of the Borough of Dingle. All Irish boroughs were represented by two members. One of the seats for Dingle, Maurice Fitzgerald bestowed on himself. The other was kept in the family and went to Robert Fitzgerald, cousin of Maurice. But although Maurice was the borough-master, it is plain from Blaquiere's sketch of the Fitzgeralds that it was Robert who got nearest at the shaking of the plum tree.

Fitzgerald, Maurice. B. DINGLE ICOUCH. Made a Surveyor General by Lord Townshend—reduced upon reuniting the Boards—received a Pension, in lieu of £300—has two seats in Parliament—weak, entirely under the Government of his wife—Lord Harcourt has given to his Recommendation one tidewaiter.

Fitzgerald, Robert. B. DINGLE ICOUCH. Brought into Parliament by his Cousin Maurice—Judge of the Admiralty, £400—Commissioner of Appeals, £300—Comptroller of Dingle with an additional salary of £400—Lord Townshend gave him a living of £500 for one Nephew—£200 to another—Ensigncy to a third—and he recommended an additional Sallary to him as Commissioner of Appeals for £300—Lord Harcourt has given him a hearth money Collection for One Friend and accommodated him with a Move for another—gave him a Seat at the Linen Board—He speaks very seldom in the House, when he does but very moderately—his chief Merit is that he attends when he is desired—He now wants additional Emolument either by additional Salary to the Offices he now holds or by new creation, whether by Place or Pension it mattereth not—Lord Harcourt has given to his Recommendation 3 tidewaiters—2 Gaugers and One Hearth Money Collection.

All Blaquiere's sketches of the Irish Parliamentarians are in this matter-of-fact style. He was merely making a catalogue for submission to Harcourt of the men who could be bought, and of those who were out of the market. Most of them were in the market; and the chief purpose of the schedule was to enable Harcourt and his Chief Secretary to foot up the cost of the contest in the House of Commons which was confronting them, and to ascertain whether they had at command a sufficient number of offices—military, civil, and clerical—and a large enough stock of available money, to admit of their going into the contest with a full hope of success. Dr. Hunt gives an adequate sketch of the Irish Parliament in the eighteenth century as an introduction to the Blaquiere manuscript; but had the manuscript been put forward quite alone it would have told its own sordid story, and more graphically than any monograph on the Irish Parliament that now exists it would have exemplified the character of the institution that disappeared at the Union of 1800.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wingless Victory. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Co.

It is no reproach to Miss Willcocks's powerful novel to say that in atmosphere, in some of its characters, and in a good deal of its details it is strongly reminiscent of Thomas Hardy's "Jude." The locale of the two stories is almost the same, though there is more of the sea in South Devon than in Hardy's Wessex, and much less of the moorland. But moorland there is in this story, too, and the dun light in which Hardy's people move, and the brooding law, emanating from plain and granite rock, that rules their destinies. There is no desire to carry the comparison too far; the present novel is not the merciless study of necessity that "Jude" is; it is not so honest a book, partly on account of its less capable artistry and a greater adherence to the restrictions which Anglo-Saxon standards impose on the imagination. On the other hand, in putting "The Wingless Victory" by the side of "Jude the Obscure," if only for a moment, it is our intention to suggest something of the merit of a story that rises high above the level of common day fiction. We add that it is a book which invites a second reading with a still further examination of, and lingering over, certain choice passages.

The theme is old enough—the interplay of law with nature insufficiently tamed, or crushed, as we choose to look upon it. The woman who wants to live out her life is generally and unfortunately an unpleasant personage in fiction. Possibly it is because of her creator's usual tendency to make her an agitator instead of a rebel, to lay greater stress on her shattering of conventions than on her realization of self. Wilmot Borlace, in the present book, clearly escapes the fate of being portrayed as an anarchist, when she is only a passionate woman, half artist, half peasant. For her, and to a somewhat less degree for her husband, it may be said that they ring true, however artificial may be the device of bringing her high emotionalism into contact and contrast with a temperament compounded of materialistic skepticism and immense practical kindliness.

In detail there may be much to cavil at. The emotional pitch, for instance, is struck too high at the very beginning, and, kept at its high range throughout the volume, tends to become exhausting. Too much rhetoric and too much scene painting, on the whole, mar the method of a book which can show page after page of splendid writing. The sea, the cliffs, and the moorlands intrude to excess upon the human actors. On this point we may turn to Hardy's "Jude" or Gustav Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl" for instances of how that desirable quality called atmosphere may be attained without too obvious labor. Their Wessex or Frisian moorland encompasses its native-born with subtle, though omnipotent, forces. In Miss Willcocks's elaborate descriptions we discern a certain scraping of stage scenery being shifted. In the same way there is unnecessary harping on such indefinable elements as "race-processes" and "electric forces of the ages," unnecessary reductions of action and feeling to terms of biology and prehistoric anthropology. When man meets woman, passion is engendered. This was known even to the Pre-Darwinians.

The Old Country, A Romance. By Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a serious piece of writing, and a serious piece of reading. Its note is literally the high fantastic. After the average story, with chapters as empty as noisy, it soothes, its very heaviness giving an unwarranted satisfaction of exercise to muscles not often called upon in reading fiction. True, it opens as a chilly love-story hovering between sociology and politics. But it soon appears that this is but the prologue, too much prolonged perhaps. While we patiently and forebodingly await the usual conversions and developments, the steeds are brought to the door, and lo! with the hero, casting commonplace behind, we ride into the fourteenth century. Backwards or forwards, that is the question. The answer—that the centuries before us and behind us are sisters, daughters of Time and heirs to treasure, share and share alike. There is almost no antiquarian revival of costuming or of manners and customs. It is in a spiritual sense that the past is revisited and wedded to the future. The scruples of souls, the hunger of humanity for life everlasting, the imperishable love of kindred, above all the obliteration of time where human relations are involved, are the themes gathered into unity in the eyes of the beholder, the young sociologist of our own day. It is true that there is historic clothing of universal truths. We see the dawnings of Protestantism in England. We sit by the wood fire with heroes returned from Poitiers, and hear true recitals of their adventures. But after all it is less the history of the Church than the ebb and flow of toleration that engages the reader's mind. Less the fighting at Poitiers than the very human traits, the modern nobilities and inconsistencies of the princes and soldiers who fought.

It is essentially a romance of England, and could have been inspired by no less tender a patriotism than that which drew from Henley "England, My England," or from Kipling "Puck of Pook's Hill." The end far more than atones for the stiffness of the beginning.

Disinherited. By Stella M. Düring. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The author who keeps even one eye on the probabilities has a hard task. Miss Düring, in following her fancy through the phases of the remarkable career of Avice Carlyon, must have felt a reckless exhilaration akin to that of the young woman who didn't care! All the birds of the air were welcome to sit on her bonnet. It is a story of the unrelieved guile of a woman pitted against the immovable integrity of a man. His title and estates are threatened, and his own true love's mother will not let her daughter marry him. Many are the means used by novelists to keep young Englishmen out of their lawful inheritance. Miss Düring's way, though founded in commonplace, reaches finally a dizzy height of sheer fancifulness. The ultra crudities of

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the opening, where Avice makes her entrance into society, so little prepare the reader for any display of ingenuity that the later absurdities prove a rather welcome relief. A tangle grows which seems impenetrable, but aided by the friendly and frequent services of the undertaker, the chivalrous hero comes to his own. We cannot mourn the departing friends, for this is a case where all that ends ends well.

SOME BOOKS ON JAPAN.

Kakemono; Japanese Sketches. By A. Herbage Edwards. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Japan. By David Murray. Supplementary Chapters by Baron Kentaro Kanego. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Makers of Japan. By J. Morris. McClurg.

Dictionnaire d'histoire et de géographie du Japon. By E. Papinot. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.

Japan in Days of Yore. By Walter Dening. Tokio: Methodist Publishing House.

Japan as It Was and Is. By Richard Hildreth & Ernest W. Clement. McClurg.

Le Japon; histoire et civilisation. By Mis de la Mazelière. Paris: Librairie Plon.

The first in our list is a series of slight sketches, more ambitious than successful, and scarcely deserving the name "Kakemono," which seems to indicate artistic touch and insight.

The second is a new edition of a well-known book with additional chapters by Baron Kaneko, and these, like most writings of Japanese for a foreign constituency, add little to our information.

"Makers of Japan" is a journalistic account of prominent statesmen, convenient for newspaper reference, and for all those who do not seek more than the current notions about distinguished men.

Papinot's "Dictionnaire" is a reference book which covers a wide territory, and shows signs of great industry, though it retains much "information," which is the commonplace of men who have not kept themselves abreast of the results of scientific inquiry.

Mr. Dening's book is a collection of tales from old Japan, not as representative as Mitford's nor translated in such charming fashion, but still containing enlightening specimens of the ancient days. The stories represent much the same state of society as our tales of feudalism, with something less of tenderness and high ideals and devotion to women.

The two remaining volumes are of different character. They represent respectively the best European knowledge of Japan in 1855 and in 1906. Both use the highest authorities and are trustworthy throughout. The author of the first, Richard Hildreth, thus describes his method: "My interest . . . in this secluded country has produced this book, into which I have put the cream, skimmed, or, as I might say, the juices laboriously expressed from a good many volumes, the greater part not very accessible nor very inviting to the general reader." He lets "the reader see Japan with the successive eyes of those who have visited it, and he concludes "that with all that is said of the seclusion of Japan, there are few countries of the East which we have the means of knowing better or so well." The book bears out this statement, for, after fifty years of intercourse, the impression is of the accuracy and breadth of the information conveyed. Had our diplomatists and merchants and missionaries studied Hildreth many costly errors would have been avoided.

He begins, it is true, with Marco Polo, who merely relates what he had been told—a traveller's tale, with its story of the Emperor's palace, its roof plated with gold "in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead"! But Hildreth puts this in merely as a curiosity, and goes at once to the Portuguese accounts from the sixteenth century. His great authority, however, is Kaempfer, and a better or more trustworthy one could not have been found. Kaempfer was a German physician, who, after serving in Persia as secretary of an embassy sent by the King of Prussia, obtained the place of chief surgeon to the Dutch East India fleet, since he had formed "a firm resolution to spend some years longer in seeing other Eastern courts, countries, and nations." After a time he obtained the position of physician to the Dutch Factory in Japan and reached Nagasaki in 1690. His opportunities for study seemed limited, indeed, but his medical skill, scientific attainments, consummate tact, and bribes opened all doors to him. Twice he made the long journey overland to Yeddo, visiting the Court of the Shogun, his trained eyes, ears, and mind perceiving things as they were. His judgment of the people may still be quoted with approval: "Naturally the Japanese were, their pride of warlike humor being set aside, as civil, as polite, and curious a nation as any in the world; naturally inclined to commerce and familiarity with foreigners, and desirous to excess to be informed of their histories, arts, and sciences."

Besides Kaempfer, there are the accounts, much abbreviated, of Thurberg, Titsing, Golowin, and others, who add comparatively little to Kaempfer's story. From them Hildreth arrived at a clear judgment as to many matters long after still debated. Sir Harry Parkes, for example, was credited with discovering that the Shogun was not an Emperor, but Hildreth already uses Cromwell's term "lord-general" in describing him. He knew also the trustworthiness of the Japanese chronicles, though they are still used as authoritative in the French Dictionary of Japan, named in our list. He also distinguished the Japanese as a race from the Chinese, and knew the complete unlikeness of their languages. The editors of this new edition have changed Hildreth's spelling and added notes, the chief wonder being that they have found so little to correct.

The last work upon our list is the most important. The Marquis de la Mazelière is a student of Oriental civilization who has already published volumes upon the civilization and the religions of India, with a small book upon the history of China and still another upon the history of Japan. This work on the History and Civilization of Japan is to be in five volumes—the first three cover ancient Japan, feudal Japan, and the Japan of the Tokomura régime; the remaining two volumes are to discuss modern Japan. He begins with a long interpretation discussing the civilization of Asia and its relations to what we know in Europe. For him the two continents are one and he traces the institutions of both back to Babylonia and Egypt, for from these two centres the civilization of the world has come. Turning to Japan, he reviews its physical features, the races which have formed its peoples and the general characteristics; then in more detail he discusses the development. In each division he describes the history and the religion with the art and literature and philosophy and social characteristics of the people. It is by no means a bare description, but the result of prolonged studies in comparative ethnology, taking this term in its widest sense. He brings to bear illuminating comparisons and seizes upon the all-important points in his authorities. He has laid all modern scholarship under contribution with due acknowledgment. Differ as we may from many of his conclusions and from even his principal thesis, we none the less recognize the high value of his work and shall look with interest for the remaining two volumes. To return to the comparison with "Japan as It Was and Is." The older work is a report by faithful observers of things as they saw them; the other is an attempt to penetrate the surface and, by the aid of comparative studies, to understand the philosophy of history. We need not add that only by the method of the Marquis de la Mazelière can we hope to know any people as they really are.

Dante and his Italy. By Lonsdale Ragg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Mr. Ragg's book consists of a series of essays linked together in a chain of very unequal quality and strength. The earlier chapters would concern almost any Italian of those days; the environment is there, but the great figure does not stand forth as soon as it should in a book which is not a history of Italy in Dante's time, but aims to show the conditions that shaped his character and destiny, and to keep before our mind's eye a vivid, ever changing background of living scenes wherein the presence of the man himself shall be always felt. This is precisely the historical illusion created by Gaston Paris in his life of Villon: he describes nothing that is not to the point, and the absolute relevance of every detail does not distort the environment for the sake of the single figure in whom our interest is to be concentrated. In his subsequent chapters Mr. Ragg keeps Dante more in the foreground, and these are the chapters that entitle their writer to most esteem as an artistic biographer.

Mr. Ragg has not undertaken to tell the whole story of Dante's life so far as it can be known, but only certain great moments, or particular phases that have seemed to him to need fresh investigation; his work, therefore, does not rehearse what can be easily read in Kraus, Toynbee, Gardner, and many other biographers. With a little more system, a greater tenacity in developing each of his themes, Mr. Ragg would have written a book to be often opened for reference after being once read for pleasure. For almost every page he has gone to original sources, to Salimbene, Villani, and other good recorders of the

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time; he has visited most of the scenes where Dante is believed to have wandered, and he has read Dante himself, not at random, nor *per diletto* simply, but as Dante deserves to be read. He has availed himself of many works on Dante by modern scholars (among them, two Americans), and gives them credit in his notes or in his bibliography. But it is curious that he should have found nothing to his purpose in the forty-seven volumes of the *Giornale Storico*. That he cites Panthier's antiquated edition of Marco Polo instead of the classic edition by Col. Yule is to be explained, perhaps, by the fact that Italian libraries contain very few English books, even though they happen to be indispensable editions of Italian masterpieces. (Mr. Ragg obviously composed most of his volume in Italy). But why did Mr. Ragg admit among his thirty-two illustrations, mainly so valuable, that head of Frederic of Swabia "From an old print of 1600" (*sic*)? If any authentic portrait of the Emperor exists, it would belong to an epoch in which the art of making accurate likenesses was not even born, as every one must know who has studied the miniatures, sculpture, and coins of the early thirteenth century. It is a pity, too, that this book should be marred by many misprints in foreign words.

A more serious defect is an excessive fondness for the dramatic and picturesque, which leads Mr. Ragg into baseless conjectures and striking inconsistencies. On very little or no documentary evidence he makes Dante one of the Florentine ambassadors to Rome in the year of the Jubilee. "Dante was there," says Mr. Ragg, and he skilfully draws an imagined scene which he converts into authentic history with a fallacious question: "Was it not then that he acquired that fine scorn for the venal and simoniacal Curia . . . 'where all day long they make merchandise of Christ'?" Perhaps. But, having turned completely from historian to novelist, Mr. Ragg describes Dante as "pacing the corridors of the papal court like a lion in the cage." A humble footnote on page 39 upsets everything by declaring that Dante's presence there is "purely a matter of inference." In the same way, in his chapter on Frederic II., he repeats as though they were genuine history various typical legends due to the creative hatred inspired by the Emperor, and immortalized by the truthful but not always critical Salimbene. Such, for instance, is the story of his having isolated babes in the care of mute nurses in order to determine what language they would spontaneously speak. Possibly this and other like tales are characteristic, even "representative," but they should be taken with the grain of salt which flavors many a statement in Salimbene.

Again, in his chapter encroachingly entitled "Dante's Century," facts of every hue follow one another with little regard to their kinship or bearing upon any definite theme. The result is speedy oblivion for them all.

Despite these and other flaws, Mr. Ragg has written an interesting and enlightening book. The pages devoted to "The Gentler Side of Life" are charming in style and full of well-arrayed and entertaining facts. Here, as in other chapters, much that is not new is made fresh by being happily expressed. The position of woman in life and in literature, music, sports, festivities, and Dante's sense of humor are among the topics most pleasingly treated. Mr. Ragg is one of the few who have convinced themselves that there are humorous passages in Dante's works, but he hardly strengthens his thesis by quoting apocryphal, or merely traditional, anecdotes. Another excellent chapter is that in which Mr. Ragg has essayed the arduous but not impossible task of rebuilding Dante's Florence. Many landmarks, often associated with the poet, must be swept away; among them the Campanile, designed by Dante's friend Giotto, and with it the Cathedral. "Il mio bel San Giovanni" must be stripped of its zebra-like veneer of marble; furthermore, as D'Ovidio has shown so clearly in his latest volume of essays, the baptismal fount within it now is not at all like the one that Dante broke to rescue a suffocating child; we shall lose the bronze doors of Andrea Pisano and Lorenzo Ghiberti; scores of famous buildings now visible must vanish; others, known to Dante, must reappear. To a certain degree this chapter repeats what Witte (whom Mr. Ragg seems not to have read) long ago made clear in his essay on "The Topography of Florence about the year 1300," yet Mr. Ragg has not broken in an open door, and these pages are as graceful and authoritative as any in his book. Even better is the chapter on "Dante's Hosts." Here Mr. Ragg is dealing with a theme dear to his heart; no one has ever traced the exile's wanderings with greater competence and sympathy.

The British City: the Beginnings of Democracy. By Frederick C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This book is properly to be read in connection with Mr. Howe's earlier volume, "The City, the Hope of Democracy." That work, in fact, explains the point of view from which the author approaches his study of the British city as it is and as it may become. The point of view is that of a believer in the city, its destiny in the society of the future, and the tremendous importance of making the city "livable" for the poor as well as the rich. In a general way Mr. Howe is the expounder of the philosophy which Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland—to whom this book is dedicated—has done much to work out in a practical way.

Franchise grants, in his view, are at the root of all municipal evil, and the fact that in England public utilities are either operated by the cities themselves, or if placed in private hands at all, so disposed by act of Parliament, he considers the primary reason for the absence of corruption in local affairs. Although England and Scotland furnish the stock examples of successful municipal trading, Mr. Howe's own view goes even beyond that of the British public. "To the man in the street," he says, "the case for municipal ownership has been made. It is no longer a question of propriety. It is one of expediency. . . ." To the author, however, municipal ownership is a great moral, not a financial, issue. "The stakes involved are political freedom." He has little faith in the regulative politics to which the American States, notably New York and Wisconsin, seem to be committing themselves at present. "Regulation," he remarks of the British tramway franchise, "failed, as it must inevitably fail." Mr. Howe's investigation, made as an expert for the Department of Commerce and Labor, should have given him exceptional opportunity to master his facts. As set forth here, they read rather like a brief on the municipal ownership side.

It must be the general criticism that Mr. Howe's message seems entirely too good to be true. Granting all that he says of the pervasive evil which grows out of franchise grants, there remain other forms of graft in contract and office jobbing which Americans will find it hard to believe any change of civic functions could eradicate permanently. Even the upper-class tradition in politics, for which Mr. Howe has such scant respect, is usually considered at least a contributing cause to the honest and efficient administration of British public activities. There was political corruption long before there were gas or street-railway franchises, even before, as Kipling says, "they hewed the Sphinx's visage." And did not the very James Dalrymple whom Mr. Howe mentions in connection with the Glasgow trams make for Mayor Dunne of Chicago a highly pessimistic report on the possibility of repeating in the American city the successful experiment of his own municipality?

Mr. Howe never lets himself forget that he is writing for American readers, and the contrast which he draws between municipal conditions in the two countries is really the book's most valuable and illuminating feature. As the choice of sub-title, "The Beginnings of Democracy," would indicate, he regards the example of the British cities as an inspiration to our own. He finds in them a spirit that must look for parallels to the days of the Italian city republics:

> A city that keeps its hands off, that does nothing but police and clean the streets, means but little to the people. But when it adds to the traditional functions, the manifold services of transit, gas, water, electric light, libraries, parks, baths, and lectures, it awakens the love and interest of the community in itself. In the trading towns people talk city. One hears it in the clubs, the restaurants, on the street cars, everywhere. The fact that a man is a joint owner in the tram line makes him critical and appreciative of the tram. He is interested in its earnings—he follows its balance-sheets from year to year. He talks about extensions, rates of fare, and the innovations suggested by the council. He follows the doings in the town hall, and knows in an intimate way the life and traditions of his councilman. The debates of the council are far more absorbing to him than the doings of Parliament. All these things are but the reflex action of the city upon its people. It becomes the most important thing in their lives.

After so favorable a criticism it is a little surprising to read such an assertion as that "Modern Britain differs but little from France of the old régime." This is not too strong language, in Mr. Howe's view, to characterize the system of taxing rentals. The British Town Council is a rate-payer's body, and the rate-payer is not the owner, but the user of the land. To a disciple of Tom Johnson there could hardly be a more crying wrong than this, but Mr. Howe's analysis of the practical effect of these conditions is temperate in tone. While the rate-payer's steady and close in-

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terest in city finances has made for honesty, the economy it has engendered has been often, he thinks, of the cheese-paring, penny-wise-and-pound-foolish kind. Schemes of comprehensive improvement are retarded, and really far-sighted officials defeated because their plans involved immediate outlay of money. Our less direct but more equitable modes of taxation, though commonly held responsible for much laxness in administration, will in the long run, Mr. Howe thinks, make possible a more intelligent development of our cities.

It remains to speak of one very serious fault—a most exasperating amount of repetition. With all his skill in digesting material, Mr. Howe seems unable to allude to a point previously made, without going back over the ground again. Points like the collapse of the tradition that politics is a profession of the "gentleman" and the universal interest and conversation on city affairs are positively rubbed in. And we might instance other unnecessary repetitions, like the description of the Lord Provost's office, the account of the City of London, and the story of Sir Samuel Chisholm's defeat for Lord Provost of Glasgow, told once on page 45 and again in detail on page 166.

This book must be considered, as we have said, as the work of an avowed enthusiast. The majority of American readers, we believe, will refuse to follow Mr. Howe to all his conclusions. But as an able and suggestive argument on one side of a debatable question, there are few persons interested in municipal questions who will not find it of value.

The Shameless Diary of an Explorer. By Robert Dunn. New York: The Outing Co. $1.50.

Wearied with the restraints of a conventional civilization two little Ohio schoolboys once agreed to go out behind the barn together and say the very wickedest word they could think of, right out loud. The net result of their revolt against an oppressive morality was an emphatic *Darn!* As a protest against conventional restraint, Mr. Dunn's "shameless" diary is of somewhat the same sort. It is professedly a daily record of the unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit of Mount McKinley, made during the summer of 1903 by a party of explorers better equipped in ambition than in certain other qualities desirable for such an undertaking. The writer is filled with the idea that explorers of to-day habitually do not attempt an honest record of their experiences. To him, on the contrary, "it is unfair to nature and the blessed weaknesses which make us human to divert by one hair's breadth in any record of the trail from facts as you saw them, emotions as you felt them at their time." If the explorer is bound to be exact about his *diptera* his *schists* and his *conifers* must he not "record as truthfully and in full how the outer waste and the ego of each companion uplifted or scarred his own?" In other words, as applied to this particular case, are not the bickerings and trivialities of five ill-assorted and (to judge by this diary) commonplace persons worth as carefully detailed statement as the objective facts of nature developed by their expedition?

Many a reader may answer the question in the affirmative and still doubt the justification of the publication of this volume, for its contributions to science are certainly neither voluminous nor notably exact. One finds but little in the body of the book, however, to fulfil the expressed and intimated prefatorial promise of a shocking "seamy side" which all other writers would have felt obliged carefully to conceal. True, some writers would have had less to say about mending drawers, and the frequent washing of dirty socks, and the apparently less frequent ablution of bodies, but are these the things which are "to realize something of that large perspective" in the revealing of life as he saw it "in the back of beyond"? So far as substance is concerned, the one really shameless thing in this diary is the account of the constant brutality toward the horses of the expedition, culminating in abandoning them to starve to the point where the wolves would pull them down and tear them to pieces instead of ending their sufferings mercifully by shooting them, when it became impossible to take them further. If Mr. Dunn's account comes anywhere near the truth, which he so loudly professes, none of the party apparently possessed even a modicum of "horse-sense" in dealing with horses, and within the pale of civilization they would each and all have been subject to heavy fine and imprisonment.

The party to which Mr. Dunn belonged scaled but a little over ten thousand feet of the twenty thousand which their goal required. *Mutatis mutandis* this is proportionally perhaps a fair measure of Mr. Dunn's success as a diarist of the expedition. As with many a predecessor, the result of his self-conscious determination to avoid the posing of which he imagines all others guilty has been his perhaps unconscious transformation into the worst sort of *poseur* himself. Genuine sincerity, frankness, and originality are not usually self-heralded. None the less, the volume contains here and there a bit of effective description, proving that the author really had the power to see beyond the dirty socks and mildewed blankets on the drying line, when he sat down to write up the day's events. He should have done so oftener and let us take the unpleasant details for granted part of the time.

The Problem of Faith and Freedom in the Last Two Centuries. By John Oman. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2.75.

Luther began his most significant writing, "On the Freedom of a Christian Man," with the paradox:

A Christian is a free lord of all things, and subject to no one.

A Christian is a ministering servant of all things, and subject to every one.

For two centuries the minds of religious leaders have labored at this antithesis, exalting first one side of the proposition and then the other, and it may be doubted if in the general consciousness the problem of authority, or of the relation of faith and freedom, is yet made clear. It is the long process of the working out of this antithesis by the leaders of Protestant Christianity that Professor Oman traces in his Kerr Lectures, with the design of showing that faith and freedom are not mutually exclusive, but rather that true faith is impossible without freedom, and that genuine freedom is the surest guarantee of real faith.

It will be seen at once that the lecturer has fixed upon a subject of great interest and importance, both to the speculative thinker and to the common man. The difficulty of maintaining devout and restful faith in the face of the largest liberty has perplexed the masters of thought and of governments no less than it has troubled humble and pious spirits, and the task of asserting the right of the individual to a soul in the face of the widest extension of law and mechanical force has daunted many, leading some to the panic of a return to absolute external authority, and inclining others to total resignation of spiritual belief. From one point of view or another master minds of the past two centuries have occupied themselves with these problems, and the determination of Professor Oman to pass the great debate under review showed insight of the first order.

His selection of material for study and discussion indicates no less discernment. From Pascal to Ritsohl those treatises are chosen for examination which exhibit most clearly the various possible attitudes toward the high question, and if the student learn nothing of freedom, he will at least find himself introduced to the really great religious treatises of the last two centuries.

As an analyst and critic Professor Oman exhibits marked ability. His faculty for arriving at the salient features of an essay, for penetrating to its spirit, for supplying in fair and generous appreciation what the author left to be understood, and further, for gathering the results of his observation into concise and picturesque phrase, distinguishes him as a keen student and a profitable writer. Whether the subject be Pascal or Butler, with whom he is in spiritual accord, or Hobbes or Newman, with whom he disagrees, the characterization is equally apt and forcible.

Judged by this essay, Professor Oman is a man of deep religious sense and feeling. One could scarcely describe Pascal with such sympathy who has not felt with that saint the smallness of man in the vastness of the universe, and the extraordinary contrast of our human nature, "touching the clod with one hand and the eternal laws of truth and righteousness with the other." It is this clear vision of the absolute distinctions of life as the ground of all religion which has done much to give this essay its value.

Unfortunately the lengthy historical review in these lectures somewhat dwarfs the direct discussion of the problem. The journey is so long, and the prospect by the way is often so interesting, that one is apt to forget whither he is travelling. To one who will keep the main theme resolutely in mind, however, and note the gradual but sure establishment of the new basis for faith, which appeared for an instant above the horizon in the days of Luther, but is only in our time rising to full view, the discussion will prove of no small suggestiveness. Suggestions of compromise, the spirit with the flesh and spiritual idealism with very material powers of the world, are heard often and in many quarters in these times, and it is like reason after panic to hear a plea for "a Church which has nothing left by which to impose her creed but truth, or her obedience but love,"

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and to hear the assertion that our peril "does not lie in larger freedom, but in the mixture of incompatible methods of freedom and constraint."

Erinnerungen aus Amerika. Von A. Baumgartner. Zurich: Orell Fussli.

Professor Baumgartner visited the United States in 1905 for the purpose of lecturing at Chautauqua on Switzerland, its history, language, organization, and educational arrangements. He disclaims any right to speak of America as a whole, and confines his comment to what he himself saw and heard; the appearance, speech, houses, customs, and manner of life, as compared with those of Continental Europe. Besides Chautauqua, he visited the Swiss colony of New Glarus in Wisconsin, Niagara Falls, Boston, and some friends and relatives in the Middle States. With a large experience of educational institutions in Europe, he describes the summer school at Chautauqua as something quite unique in its organization, range of subjects for study, and in the class of persons who attended. At Chautauqua he met, talked with, and heard a speech from President Roosevelt, by the charm of whose manner to himself and the public he was capitvated.

Two chapters are given to a description and analysis of English and German as spoken in the United States. English he found but little changed from the mother tongue, and yet from new words, new uses of old words, retention of words almost obsolete in England, and slight differences of intonation, an educated American was always distinguishable from an Englishman. German is undergoing a gradual change, and giving way to English, except among a few groups who live apart, and do not read English, as, for example, the Swiss colony of New Glarus, where Swiss-German is still spoken by the original settlers. Many examples of "Pennsylvania Dutch" are given, *e. g.*, "Das bietet alles," that beats all; "Die billygoat ist über die Fenz gedshompt und hat den Käbbidsch gedamidscht."

There are chapters on the negro, the Indian, laborers, their houses, wages, and cost of living; on American schools, teachers, and pupils. America, says the author, is the paradise of servant girls, and he confirms his own observation by relating a conversation with a Swiss whom he had known as a servant in Switzerland, and who had been a servant in America, and was now a happily married woman ruling over her own household. Absence of intoxicating drinks at meals and the general sobriety of the people were a pleasing contrast with European habits. Coming from the most democratic country in the Old World, Professor Baumgartner found the general atmosphere in the United States still more democratic. Recognition of social equality breeds self-respect and respect for others. The professor is evidently an optimist; everything pleased him, and he apologizes for this, saying that as a guest of friendly hosts, and travelling for pleasure, he did not come in contact with poverty, misery, or the darker side of American life. The book contains forty-nine illustrations, among which are plans and elevations of typical villas, workmen's and farmers' houses.

The book would not have been unduly enlarged if the author had added, as an appendix, his lectures, given in English at Chautauqua, or such a selection as would have afforded his American readers some interesting information about the older sister republic in Europe.

Science.

The Control of a Scourge; or *How Cancer is Curable.* By Charles P. Childe, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

This book, by an English surgeon, is written with the hope of arousing intelligent laymen to coöperate with medical men in restricting the damage done by a disease which is universally dreaded and, alas! as universally neglected. The problem is really a very serious social problem; for the disease is insidious, knows no social limitations, depends upon no environment, and takes its victims in just those maturer years when death is most regrettable and often means an irreparable loss to others. As many readers know, there is just now a very active and careful investigation of the nature and cause of cancer. Several large cancer research funds have been established, and both here and abroad many capable men are at work in numerous laboratories especially equipped for this purpose. As yet the results are meagre and uncertain, and much time may elapse before anything definite or helpful is attained. In the meantime the loss is appalling, regardless of the suffering and misery involved. In England the cancer death rate is about one in 1,200 of the population, and in a certain large American city there were recently thirteen such deaths in a total of 603 for one week, taken at random, and showing a very similar annual rate.

Mr. Childe seeks to present certain facts regarding cancer in such simple form that they may be widely understood at the top and then be made known yet more widely lower down by energetic individual teaching on the part of charity workers, district visitors, nurses, midwives, and others. He insists that some form of irritation, in certain cases clearly avoidable, is a direct or indirect cause, and that the initial process is in no sense a general disease of the body, but a strictly local process, spreading with a variable rapidity. As to the question of heredity he is skeptical, in very good company; and heredity even if convincingly demonstrated would in no wise weaken his argument. That argument is that an early excision of the still localized process is known to have cured so considerable a proportion of carefully studied cases that the conclusion is justified that early recognition of the trouble and its prompt removal at a time when it is still possible to do this thoroughly would result in such an increase of cures that the disease would become comparatively harmless. We may add that a very similar statement has recently been made by an eminent American surgeon of wide experience, who also notes that such early, timely operations have proved to be exceptionally safe.

As to most forms of cancer these views are shared by the best medical men, and deserve to be widely known. In this matter physicians might perhaps do more than they have done, but they can do only a small part of what needs to be done. In a large number of cases the premonitory symptoms are neglected, and the patient comes to the physician when it is already too late. The difficulties to be overcome are great. A curious dread of an operation (aggravated oftentimes by the perhaps unnecessary expense), the wide-spread fallacy that every cancer is necessarily fatal, and the optimistic confidence in the quackery of the various "sciences" and "isms" all combine to lessen the chances of the patient. Mr. Childe urges, and rightly, that none of the so-called "cures" (x-rays, violet leaves, the much lauded trypsin, and many more) are anything more than uncertain palliatives.

"Bird Notes Afield," by Charles Keeler (Paul Elder & Co.), is true to its sub-title, "Essays on the Birds of the Pacific Coast with a Field Check List." Eastern readers cannot fail to be filled with envy when they read of the wonderful diversity of country to be found in California—shore, temperate valleys, scorching deserts, and snow-capped mountains. No wonder Mr. Keeler's first sentence is, "We who know California think it the most glorious of lands." An interesting comparison of Western with Eastern birds is followed by a review of the various groups—from grebes to sparrows; after which come a dozen essays relating in more detail to certain places or seasons, with a pleasant running commentary on the bird-life. Perhaps the first and the last of these essays are of the greatest interest and literary charm—"Patrolling the Beach" and "In a Mission Patio." In the former we are taken along the San Francisco shore, while a storm still roars and thunders around us:

> Here and there amid the kelp, or sometimes along the open beach at the line of high tide, lie the bodies of birds which have been overcome by the elements. I fancy I can hear their wild cries in the night, almost lost in the tumult of the gale, as the great white ghosts of waves leap up and drag them under. Even the albatross has not been spared, for here he lies, his plumage wet and bedraggled, and his immense pinions half buried in the sand—the king of sea birds, the master of the air! See his huge, brown back, his breast of gray, mottled with brown, his feet of livid gray, and his large tube-nosed beak of a pinkish flesh-color, tipped with blue. A day ago his broad wings were swinging him down into the cold, quivering hollows, between the towering wave crests, and he was revelling in the tumult of the storm. To-day he is but a clod for the life-saving patrolman to kick as he passes along the beach.

The sixteen photographic illustrations are excellent, and taken all in all this is the best popular work which has appeared on the birds of the Pacific Coast region—interesting both to the Californian and to the bird-lover of other, less favored lands.

In "Forest Friends" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) John Madden recounts his own adventures as a boy in the forests and along the shores of Lake Michigan. His father was one of the early pioneers who pushed on to that region when it was still an almost unbroken wilderness, and the wild life—from pumas, bears, and deer to wrens and suckers—furnishes the theme of the book. The chapters are pleasantly written, and will appeal to the less fortunate boys of these later deforested times, who must look for their wildcats and bears in a museum. The writer keeps well within the bounds of

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fact, except when, in his enthusiasm, he imagines deer leaping to a height of "ten or twelve feet" and "making broad jumps fifteen or twenty feet in length"! All the material, except the story of the birth and growth of the young fawn, seems to consist of actual reminiscences; and although no new facts are added to our store of knowledge, it is a relief to read a book treating of just ordinary creatures with ordinary habits.

Angelo Heilprin, geologist, geographer, and explorer, died in this city on July 17. Born at Sátoralja-Ujhely, Hungary, in 1853, he was brought to this country by his parents when he was three years old. His first literary work was to assist his father, Michael, in the revision of the "American Cyclopædia," but his strong bent for science determined his career. After completing his studies in this country he went to Europe and entered upon courses in biology and palæontology. In 1877 he was honored in London by the presentation of the Forbes medal. Later he sought Paris, Geneva, and Florence; and finally he spent much time in the Imperial Geological Institute of Vienna. In 1879 he returned to this country, and a year later was chosen professor of invertebrate palæontology at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. He soon became professor of geology also, and in 1883 he was appointed curator of the Academy. In 1892 he resigned his curatorship, but his time and energy were fully occupied with his duties as president of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, as an active member of the national body, and as professor of geology in the Wagner Free Institute (1885-1890). In recent years he had also given courses at Yale. He was vice-president of the American Alpine Club, and in 1892 he led the Peary relief expedition to polar regions. When Martinique was destroyed, Professor Heilprin, together with scientists from all parts of the world, hurried to the scene. On May 29, 1902, having decided that the mountain had cooled sufficiently to permit investigations, he started from Fort de France. The next day he spent in studying the newly formed craters; and on May 31 he attempted the hazardous feat of climbing to the top of the crater. The volcano was active when he began his ascent, and several times he was thrown down by shocks or struck by bits of half-melted stone. Gaining the edge of the crater, he sat and took notes, while the huge pit bubbled and steamed. He remained two hours, in the course of which time there were three eruptions. One of them covered him from head to foot with hot mud. His published observations as to the frequency and character of the eruptions, the formation of new craters, and his statement that the mountain had suffered no diminution in height, were important contributions to knowledge of the subject. Among his writings are: "Contributions to the Tertiary Geology and Palæontology of the United States," 1884; "Town Geology"; "The Lesson of the Philadelphia Rocks," 1885; "Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals," 1887; "Explorations on the West Coast of Florida and in the Okeechobee Wilderness," 1887; "The Geological Evidence of Evolution," 1887; "The Animal Life of Our Seashore," 1888; "The Bermuda Islands," 1889; "Principles of Geology," 1890; "The Arctic Problem and Narrative of the Peary Relief Expedition," 1893; "The Earth and Its Story," 1896; "Alaska and the Klondike," 1899; "Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique," 1903; "Tower of Pelée," 1905. Professor Heilprin was one of the most valued contributors to the *Nation*. He reviewed many books in his specialties, and he also wrote leading editorials, as well as short notes, on scientific subjects. His premature death deprives American science of one of its lights, and robs the large circle of his friends of a most attractive personality.

The death is announced of Charles Trépied, director of the Algiers Observatory.

Drama and Music.

Henrik Ibsen als Dichter und Denker. Von Anathon Aall. Halle a. S.: Max Niemeyer.

Dr. Aall approaches his task better equipped than many writers who have recently essayed an interpretation of Ibsen. To begin with, he is a Norwegian, and has long studied the northern giant. He is a docent in philosophy at the University of Halle, and should be trained in thinking out the abstract thoughts of peculiar poets. Moreover, he met Ibsen but a couple of years ago, and compared notes with the dramatist on his life and work. Most of the book was prepared in Norway in the winter of 1904, and a part has been added since Ibsen's death. There are metrical, as well as prose translations, by the author, and a bibliography of fifty-two titles, in which America is represented by the commentary of the lamented Boyesen. Throughout the chapters there is the impress of Dr. Aall's belief that "great men are to mankind not only teachers and educators, but in many ways a source of the greatest joy which life offers."

That which will attract the reader at once is the reference to Dr. Aall's visit to Ibsen. The earnest personality of the poet was apparent, and it was evident that he had mastered himself fully in the resolution to live his ideals. He was asked if he did not regard psychology as a means of dramatic representation rather than as an end, and he assented, declaring that his observation of the human soul served not only to develop that which is purely psychological, but consisted in throwing light on ethical problems. Dr. Aall believes that much of Ibsen's creations have passed over the heads of the average reader, and it was suggested to Ibsen that there may be in his works considerable that will be fully effective in the distant future when he shall be better understood. "At these words the old poet raised himself out of the chair to which his illness had bound him. It appeared as if he himself wished to begin to wander in the future, as if his tired tongue forgot its weakness; and he called out spiritedly: *Ja, wenn wir das nur glauben könnten!* (Yes, if we only could believe *that!*)"

Taking up the thread of Ibsen's life, Dr. Aall points out the effect of Norwegian environment on the dramatist's nature—the lofty, rugged landscape pushing his ideals to the extreme, while accentuating the spirit of loneliness and urging his heart more and more to communion with itself. Like Nietzsche, Ibsen was fond of the gloomy and horrible, as shown in the poetry of his youth, and he drew much dramatic material from the seamy side of Norwegian life. Not all that he wrote, however, is Norwegian in sentiment: "The Lady from the Sea" will not pass muster, nor will "The Banquet at Solhaug." Ibsen was an *Ostländer*, to use his own term, and as such did not know the sea or the typical Norwegian coast. "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" are genuinely national, and almost equally so are the characters of Loevborg, Allmers, Rosmer, Borkman, and Professor Rubek. Nora, too, partakes of the popular readiness of a fishing and hunting folk to expect the miraculous, but notwithstanding such characters as Hjördis, Mutter Aase, Hedwig, and Svanhild, Ibsen is generally less successful in portraying Norwegian women. Ellida is a product of phantasy, and Hedda Gabler is also an exotic. If one should wish to find her native country, he would be justified in directing his attention rather to certain aristocratic circles in England or America. It is not characteristic of the Norwegian woman, for example, to revolt against Nature and motherly duty, and she takes to the staff or the ski rather than to the revolver. She also does not have the bad habit of burning manuscripts—on the contrary, she prepares them herself! The new woman is known in Norway, but her ambition to shine in the world is tempered by her home-feeling, and perhaps that is why Dr. Aall finds it remarkable that Ibsen's women lead the dialogue:

> Every leading rôle falls to the women. The men come to know, through severe reproaches, how much wrong, especially toward the women, they have on their conscience. The men are repelled, humbled, and, above all, instructed.

The fact of the matter is that Ibsen is a dramatic theorist, and a passionate one at that, and has less interest in material things than in ideas and expressions of the will, to which facts give incentive. Ibsen's characters, therefore, are not merely un-Norwegian, they are not such as one will find anywhere in real life. There are no such amorous people, with ideas about love and marriage, as in "Love's Comedy," and no such farmer's youngster as Peer Gynt, who can philosophize in so many dialects. Nor is there any maiden like Lona Hessel who would journey back from America to the Old World simply to reclaim a lover of her youth. What is most remarkable with Ibsen's characters is that they do not love, they breathe simply their mutual idealistic affection. In Ibsen's development of the dialogue, his characters do not express themselves freely, they answer for him. In his own words, his poetry was the bride of his thought; but where was the bride of his feeling? There are passable scenes of love between father and son and between mother and son, and even between father and daughter; but nowhere in all of Ibsen's plays is there a single instance of love between mother and daughter! Ibsen is also awkward in bringing two women together in friendly relation—due, probably, to the circumstances of his own life and his separation from woman's influence—and since he did not believe in friendship (holding that one liking his fellowman should leave things undone rather

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than be always doing, that friendly bonds operate against liberty, and that many professing friendships are false), he is usually unsuccessful in suggesting it. The one exception is the case of Sigurd and Gunnar in "The Northern Campaign." It is no mere accident that Björnson, Kielland, Lie, and Ibsen so often treat of social, social-ethical, and political questions, for Norwegian geography, topography, and history have all contributed to these ends. When Ibsen went to Germany and Italy he experienced that tremendous change which comes over a man's life when the free atmosphere of a great civilized state works on his mind. There Schopenhauer and Hegel interested him, but it is doubtful if he made any special study of them, as is often asserted.

Ibsen's relation to his contemporaries is discussed, and Dr. Aall finds it difficult to fix the exact influence of Ibsen and Björnson on each other. Like a real German *Erforscher,* however, he maintains the likelihood that the work of the one stimulated the other, as in Björnson's "Between the Battles" (1858) on Ibsen's "Pretenders" (1863), and in Ibsen's "League of Youth" (1869) on Björnson's "Bankruptcy" (1875). Brandes stirred up Ibsen to nobler things and renewed effort, and Ibsen early found in Brandes all that the Dane afterward became, comparing his "Hovedströmninger" to the newly discovered California goldfields.

Looking more closely at Ibsen's work, and separating him as far as possible from external forces, Dr. Aall finds in Ibsen three native characteristics: a certain aversion or indifference to the purely physical side of human existence; an earnest disposition bordering on solemnity; and great strength of character, coupled with intellectual energy. His poetical works have the same compass as human life: in the beginning an energetic discharge of thought and will, and at the end sober thoughts on breaking off from human activity. Dividing his works into four groups—historical-romantic, national, problem plays, and *Frauendramen* in the narrow sense of the term—Dr. Aall doubts the accuracy of Ibsen's statement that they form an organic whole, and believes that the poet first fancied there was such a relation after he had written a number of dramas on more or less independent and separate lines. Ibsen's *Weltanschauung* depends on his knowledge of men, and among his characters Dr. Aall finds five types: the strong, the weak, the bad subordinates, the sympathetic spectator of life's drama, and the invalids, "people who in life suffer from a fundamental injury" (*Grundschaden*). Ibsen uses masks; but these have holes, and suddenly we perceive that we have looked into Ibsen's own face. Ibsen veered greatly from his attitude of half-reverence toward religion in youth, and eventually gave nothing positive—neither the laying bare of the real weaknesses of religious beliefs and their stumbling professors, nor a noble standard worthy of men's admiration and following. Sometimes he even fell into astonishing error, as when, in the warning of Maximos, he exclaims: "In your own name you must come, Julius! Did Jesus of Nazareth come as the envoy of another? Did he not say that he was the one who sent himself?" Finally, Dr. Aall discusses Ibsen's ethics, takes up the objections urged against him that he is a misanthrope, a disdainer of marriage, and an anarchist, and concludes:

Ibsen never placed his pen at the service of any kind of positive agitation. Society never had in him an advocate of a particular party platform. He belonged as a faithful adherent to neither the majority nor the minority of a movement. In his attacks, he avoided directing himself straight at the object. No particular institution, no particular conception of the labor problem, no theory of free love can consistently claim him as its own, and maintain: He is our man!

The promised appearance in a Broadway theatre next season, in an English play, of the favorite Yiddish actor, David Kessler, long an idol of the East Side, will be a dramatic event of more than common interest. For many years he has excited enthusiasm on the East Side by his impersonations in the plays of Jacob Gordin, Ibsen, Gorky, and Sudermann, among many others, and fervent tributes have been paid to his versatility, his wide emotional range, his tragic intensity, his humor, his pathos, and the veracity of his human types. Beyond question, he is an able and experienced actor, but it remains to be proved whether or not, in his long service in the Yiddish theatre, he has acquired faults—tricks of manner and expression—of which he will not find it easy to rid himself upon the English stage. Mannerisms of this sort were obvious defects in the early English performances of Madame Kalich.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, who is in London, says that it is not her intention to abandon the variety stage altogether. She proposes to give half her time to comedy, halt to the songs in which she has made her name. In October she will appear at the Paris Variétés, in what she calls a very merry comedy. Mr. Arthur Symons has written a piece for her, and Edward Knoblauch has made an adaptation of one of Lindau's plays.

Madame Hanakon, a Japanese actress, will be seen here, in conjunction with Arnold Daly, in the Berkeley Lyceum next winter. This lady is said to have made something of a sensation by her performances in Paris.

James K. Hackett has secured the American rights of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," but the expenses of production are said to be so heavy that it is by no means certain that the piece will be seen here after all.

It is reported that Olga Nethersole will produce, next season, a dramatic version of the opera "Ariane," the words of which were written by Catulle Mendès.

Paderewski has long been the most expensive of pianists, but he has once more raised his prices. At his last London concert every ticket cost a guinea. Every seat was taken, and the net profit for the two hours of playing was $5,000. That is twice as much as Caruso gets for singing in a four-hour opera. It is pleasant to note that Paderewski has added Liszt's superb sonata (which Pachmann considers the greatest of all sonatas) to his repertory, and it is to be hoped he will play it next season on his American tour also. His interpretation will doubtless prove a revelation and make many converts here, as it did in London.

Among the artists whom Mr. Wolfsohn has engaged for the next American season are Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who will appear at 150 concerts throughout the country; Josef Hofmann, who has just given twenty concerts in Russia, where he is the idol of the public; Fritz Kreisler, who is now the greatest of living violinists; the eminent baritone, Campanari; Louise Homer, and Alois Burgstaller.

Among the famous artists who will tour this country next season under Mr. Loudon Charlton are Sembrich and Gadski, both of whom will sing at concerts as well as in the Metropolitan Opera House, and Leonora de Cisneros. Harold Bauer also returns under his direction; so does Rudolph Ganz. Among the Americans on his list may be mentioned Clara Clemens (daughter of Mark Twain), Marie Nichols, the Boston violinist, and David Bispham.

Art.

The History of Painting, from the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century. By Richard Muther; authorized English edition, translated from the German, and edited with annotations by George Kriehn. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

Dr. Muther's elaborate "History of Modern Painting," or, as it should have been translated, History of Painting in the Nineteenth Century, is already well known to readers of English. We now have this briefer "History of Painting," which begins at the beginning, as far as modern art is concerned, and leaves off where the larger work began. The book, in its English dress, is not free from minor errors, faults of translation or of proofreading, perhaps, but they are not of sufficient importance to need pointing out. Its graver faults, if faults they be, are due to Dr. Muther's method. They are what seem to us the faults of broad philosophical generalization based on erroneous or insufficient premises—the faults of a man who would take a large view of things without allowing himself to be hampered by inconvenient or tedious facts, who would, in a word, evolve his camel from his inner consciousness. Of course, we do not mean to accuse Dr. Muther of ignorance of art-history—indubitably he has a store of learning—but he seems to us too ready to conceive a theory and to bend his facts to fit it, to be brilliant rather than accurate, fanciful rather than sound.

The author's method is "to explain from the psychology . . . of each period its dominant style and to interpret the works of art as human documents." Every work of art is, to him, the outcome of the state of soul of an epoch, a part of a great world movement, and individual differences of temperament and character in the artists apparently count for very little. The works were what they were inevitably, and because the time was thus and so; and it would almost seem from his account that the artists might have been shuffled about in time and place a little and have produced each other's works accordingly. Not that place counts for much. One of his peculiarities is to drive all the schools

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abreast through the centuries, skipping from Flanders to Italy and back again to Germany in a way somewhat confusing to an unagile mind, in the belief that the characteristics of a time were essentially the same on either side the Alps. At one time art was everywhere realistic, at another mystic, at a third grave and dignified, because of the spirit of the age and with no apparent allowance for racial character, or for slowness of communication.

The religious art of Perugino and of Botticelli, we are told, was part of a wave of puritanism that passed over the world, a herald of the Reformation, which found its dominant figure in Savonarola; and there is great ingenuity shown in the way in which the sadness of Botticelli's Venuses and Floras is made out to be essentially religious—the spirit of Savonarola speaking before his advent. One would imagine that a pagan sadness were inconceivable, or that an artist might not draw Venus and Madonna alike, sad faced, because that was the only way he could draw a face; because that particular expression appealed to his personal feeling for beauty as no other could.

After the epoch of Savonarola comes a reaction in the direction of sensuality, of which Leonardo is the great initiator, to be followed by the art of the majestic and the titanic. Then comes Raphael, the *profiteur* according to Muther, and then the decadence. Each of these, we are to believe, was a distinct period, for "all great epochs are pervaded by one artistic tendency, which permeates uniformly all expressions of life. As the men build, move about and clothe themselves, so also do they paint." And therefore the men of one-half of a century have an entirely different idea of beauty from those of the other half. Now see how it works out. The "sensual" school (sensuous would seem a fitter translation) is traced, in several chapters, through the followers of Leonardo, including Giorgione, to Correggio, who, fittingly enough, is characterized as marking the "acme of the age of triumphant sensuality." Then we reach Titian, and finally Michelangelo, and only after that do we come to Raphael and the end of the Renaissance, the beginning of formalism. And what have dates to say to all this? They inform us that Correggio was much the youngest of the four painters just named, having been born in 1494, that he was only fifteen years old when the first half of Michelangelo's ceiling of the Sistine was shown in 1509, and that he outlived Raphael fourteen years. Michelangelo and Titian, it is true, lived so long that they may, in a sense, be considered artists of a later time than Correggio; but even Titian had produced the greater part of the work by which he is most certainly immortal, including the Pesaro Madonna and the lost Peter Martyr, before Correggio died in 1534; and Michelangelo had definitely said what he had to say as a painter when the scaffolding was finally removed from the Sistine ceiling in 1512, Correggio being but eighteen years of age at the time. What has become of the successive epochs and the "one artistic tendency" which permeates each?

In reality there were in the high Renaissance, as there had been earlier and as there have been since, several artistic tendencies coexisting at the same time. Above all, there were personalities, individuals of one or another temper, with one or another way of looking at nature and art, melancholy or joyous, sensuous or spiritual, energetic or placid. Michelangelo, Giorgione, Titian, Raphael, Correggio, were born within nineteen years of each other, and were in the strictest sense contemporaries, though Michelangelo was the oldest and the most intimately connected by training and manner with the art of the preceding generation, as Correggio was the youngest and the nearest to the decadence in his style. Locality had far more effect on them than date, the difference between a Florentine and a Venetian environment and education certainly counting for more than the difference of two years in age between Michelangelo and Titian. But their differences were fundamentally differences of temperament. Their age tinged them; it might encourage or thwart them; but it could not radically alter them. By no conceivable change of circumstances or dates could Michelangelo have produced the work of Correggio or Correggio the work of Michelangelo. Either of them might, perhaps, have been prevented from producing any work at all, but if his work was to be produced it must have been much what it was in essential character, however inferior in mastery.

Even Dr. Muther finds it impossible to account for Rembrandt as an exponent of the time-spirit. Never was a man so frankly at odds with his environment, so evidently personal in his point of view. His age could not understand him and let him die a pauper; and his immediate successors, when they remembered him at all, treated him with scorn. A great poet in an age of prose, a romantic individualist living among rank materialists, he is, of all the great masters, the one least explicable by *a priori* reasoning. Not the sombre Rembrandt—not even the delicate Vermeer or the gentlemanly Ter Borch—is the representative man of seventeenth century Holland. Stolid, bourgeois Bartholomaius Van der Helst, and tidy, painstaking Gerard Dou were the painters their countrymen and contemporaries delighted to honor.

In the case of Rembrandt, then, Dr. Muther abandons his "psychology of a period" to replace it by the psychology of an individual. He endeavors to account for Rembrandt's works by the events of his life and their probable effects upon his moods, building up a series of minute correspondences which it is difficult to believe in. He will have it that Rembrandt was always his own hero, even when he deals with the life of Christ. He is Samson Destroying the Temple of the Philistines when he scorns the bourgeois taste of those about him, and the sale of his effects suggested the Christ Exposed to the People. As in the generalizations about the Renaissance, dates are not allowed to stand in the way. The "joy of a student coming from the constraint of the paternal roof into a strange city" is made to account for "sheets of coarse sensuality," the worst of which date from 1640, the year before his wife's death; and his marriage, in 1634, "gave occasion for the picture Samson's Wedding," which was painted four years later. Still, it is possible that Rembrandt was thinking of his own wedding when he painted Samson's. But did the bankruptcy of 1656 and the sale of 1657 cast their shadow before, that he etched the Christ Exposed to the People in 1655? Of course the truth is that the mingled strains of Rembrandt's nature come to the surface here or there with no ascertainable cause, and that every kind of subject that he treated appears indifferently at every period of his life. His coarseness was as much a part of him as his sentiment, his picturesque realism as his penetrating and sympathetic imagination. It is only in the most general view that one can trace the development of his mind, finding him, in his earlier time, more content with mere picturesqueness, while his later work is more imbued with imaginative power.

Two more specific instances may be given of the way in which Dr. Muther's readiness to theorize blinds him to plain facts. They are descriptions of particular pictures and, in each case, he has seen what he expected to see, not what is actually there. The first is of a picture by Piero de Cosimo, at Chantilly, which he calls "his uncanny Cleopatra, the nude woman with the Oriental shawl, about whose necklace a greenish-yellow snake is curled," and of which he says:

> One feels that a man in whose soul a chord has snapped painted this picture; so shrill is the dissonance between the tropical, exuberant character of Cleopatra and the desolate hungry landscape with the withered trees presented as a background; so devilish is the contrast between this pale profile and black masses of cloud which gather behind it.

Now, apart from the fact that the dead trees were favorite objects with Piero, who introduced them into his most joyously pagan scenes, and can therefore have no special significance here, the picture represents no Cleopatra, but is a posthumous portrait of Simonetta Vespucci, painted for the Vespucci family, delicate, spirituelle, almost ethereal, with high shaven forehead and meagre undeveloped breast, a consumptive who died young. But Dr. Muther wanted to show that "the lifeblood of Piero's art had been sapped by Savonarola," and he invented a picture to show it.

In the other passage our author is contrasting the "rude bacchic sensualism" of Rubens, whom, by the way, he profoundly misunderstands, with the "elegiac sadness" of Van Dyck, as shown in their respective versions of the story of Susanna:

> In Rubens's version a corpulent woman sits before us—a blue-eyed, fair-skinned Fleming; sparkling red and gleaming white are the prevailing notes of the color-scheme. Van Dyck painted a lithe, black-haired Italian whose dark southern beauty gleams like gold from a deep brown landscape. While with Rubens a gigantic athlete springs over the wall to overpower the woman; in Van Dyck's picture both gentlemen are careful to preserve good form. One tenderly strokes her arm, while the other looks ardently into her eye and vows his love by Cupid.

It is very deftly done, and the "gigantic athlete" is an especially telling touch. But he is not in the picture. It is a well-known composition—there is a school copy of it in the Metropolitan Museum—and the Elder who is climbing the wall is a grotesque piece of senility with a waggling beard—a "lean and slippered pantaloon."

But the final objection to all this psychological criticism is not that the psychology is sometimes doubtful or that the facts are sometimes wrong; it is that it is all so detached from the actual and

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the material, so oblivious of painting as a craft with material limitations and particular processes. You would imagine that pictures were painted with mind only, not with brushes and pigments. It is all well enough to dissect the soul of an epoch, but how about its means and methods of expression? The technical knowledge and the technical methods of any age are at least as necessary to understand as its way of looking at life, and have, perhaps, a greater influence on its artistic product. The technical ideal of a given artist determines not only his way of saying things, but what he shall attempt to say. To write a history of painting that shall ignore even such gross things as grounds and vehicles—to discuss Rembrandt without reference to light and shade, and Hals without speaking of handling—this is to build in the air. The house lacks underpinning.

Finance.

The Seventh Financial and Economic Annual of Japan, issued by the Department of Finance, and printed at the Government Printing Office in Tokio, is a large pamphlet (pp. 195) with an appendix of thirty pages on the financial affairs of Korea, now a Japanese protectorate. Preliminary statistical matter, ingeniously constructed in comparative form and with colored diagrams, a map showing all the railways built or in process of construction in Japan and Korea, and the very full descriptive part of the work form, altogether, a valuable cyclopedia of contemporaneous Dai Nippon. The budget for 1907-8 is presented in detail with comment and explanation. The forty pages treating of revenue, expenditure, taxes, and various debts and loans, are followed by a chapter on agriculture, industry, and commerce, which shows the tremendous development of natural products, along with the growth of manufactures, industries and commercial and monetary associations. Part III. deals with foreign trade. The chapter on banking and the money market reveals the facilities for borrowing and lending in Formosa and the northern islands, as well as in old Japan proper. Part V., on communications, gives the detail of railways, telephones, posts, steam traffic and navigation. The last chapter treats of Formosa and Saghalien, the former island being now entirely traversed by a trunk line with branches. In Saghalien, what is set down in this annual as promised, is now, according to a recent number of the Japan *Mail*, fulfilment, a short railway and a long telegraph being already in operation. The historical account of the financial system of Japan is interesting to those who remember the diversities and confusion of feudalism. Finance and economy in the (Chinese) province of Kwan Tung is also dealt with in outline. In Korea, where finance has hitherto been a slough of despond and the "budget," beginning in 1905, one in name only, there has been building up, rather than reorganization. The alleged official Korean figures are here given, and advance made in bringing the currency into a state of stability and uniformity is shown in tables. Hitherto it has been necessary, when one went on a long journey in Korea, to have one or two of the strongest horses to carry the strings of perforated iron and copper cash. Gradually the new coinage struck at Osaka is driving out the old cast iron tokens, which were avoirdupois and merchandise rather than money. The new mintage is in gold, silver, nickel, and bronze, and this, with bank notes, the amount of reserve against the notes issued being duly stated, gives promise of rapid reform. It is only recently that the Koreans have had any conception of regular banking business; but now, in addition to three city banks organized by natives, and four by Japanese, there were in February, 1907, ten agricultural and industrial banks— a number recently increased to thirteen. Business is further stimulated by promissory notes and note associations under proper regulations. Thus the documentary expedients for facilitating business, known in Japan for at least four centuries, are becoming common in the peninsula. Korea's economic resources are based on agriculture, the principal product being grain. The population of Korea is not very large in proportion to the arable area, and when land be-

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comes unproductive, new fertile lands are easily found. Thus in spite of unprogressive and wasteful methods, there is usually plenty of food. With large mineral wealth and the marine products from the three sides of the country, it seems as if nothing were needed but right spirit and management. Of the exports in 1906, more than one-half consisted of gold, mined chiefly by Americans. Of the imports, one-fourth were in railway material. In 1904, the war year, railway equipment made one-half. The Japanese railway from Fusan to Wiju traverses the entire peninsula from southeast to northwest.

The growth of schools of commerce has created a demand for a class of works of which S. E. Sparling's "Introduction to Business Organization" (the Macmillan Company) is a representative. The author of such a volume must perforce undertake a good deal of pioneer work, and Mr. Sparling has set himself a decidedly difficult task. After a brief introduction, the material part of which treats briefly of partnerships and corporations, he discusses what he calls the "principles of organization" in extractive industries, in manufactures, and in distributive industries. A considerable amount of information, much of which is not available elsewhere, is here brought together; and to the student there is given a general view of the field of industry highly desirable for him to have. The only proof of the pudding is the eating, and the only test of a pioneer book in a new field is that of actual class-room use. But it would seem that Mr. Sparling has performed his difficult task with reasonable success, and has produced a volume that will go far toward meeting a genuine want of students of commerce.

Until very recently American Socialists have been permitted to hurl their denunciations at the capitalistic system of industry and to dream of their coöperative commonwealth without encountering much systematic criticism. This, doubtless, was due to the fact that to the average orthodox economist the game did not yet seem worth the candle; but our Socialist friends seemed to take it as proof positive that their arguments admitted of no answer. Professor Le Rossignol of the University of Denver has at last taken up the cudgels for economic truth; and, in his "Orthodox Socialism" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) undertakes a general criticism of Karl Marx and his tribe. He passes in review the labor theory of value, the "iron law of wages," the class struggle, the materialistic interpretation of history, and the predicted bankruptcy of capitalism; and finds the Marxian philosophy weak at all its cardinal points. Writing for the general public and not primarily for the student, he has confined himself to the more general aspects of his subject, and within these limits has acquitted himself with credit. We agree with him in thinking that it is time for the economist to challenge the propaganda of the Socialists, and can recommend his book to any who are looking for rational criticism of their schemes.

F. W. Blackmar's "Economics" (originally published by Crane & Co., in 1900) has been brought out in new dress, but without material changes in substance, by the Macmillan Company. It aims to "cover the entire field" in some 500 small pages, with the result that it is greatly condensed and cannot devote sufficient space to the elucidation of the most important and difficult problems of the science. Four short pages are insufficient to present for any reader, particularly a beginner, the theory of international values; and it would be better to omit the tariff question altogether than to try to dispose of it in three pages. Not a few typographical errors are to be found in the book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aked, Charles F. The Courage of the Coward. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Bisset, Peter. The Book of Water Gardening. A. T. De La Mare Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd.
Brisco, Norris A. The Economic Policy of Robert Walpole. Columbia University Press.
Casson, Herbert N. The Romance of Steel. The Story of a Thousand Millionaires. A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.50 net.
Chesson, Nora. Father Felix's Chronicles. A. Wessels Co. $1.50 net.
Coghill, Stanly. Hathor. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 75 cents net.
Danson, John Towne. Economic and Statistical Studies. A. Wessels Co. $6 net.
Dodge, Walter Phelps. The Real Sir Richard Burton. A. Wessels Company. $1.80 net.
Dumont, Henry. The Vision of a City and other Poems. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co. $1 net.
Fernald, Chester Bailey. John Kendry's Idea. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.
Franklin, W. S., and Macnutt, Barry. Elements of Mechanics: A Text-book for Colleges and Technical Schools. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Gallon, Tom. Tinman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Hasse, Adelaide R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States. Maine, 1820-1904. Carnegie Institution.
Hillyer, William Hurd. Songs of the Steel Age. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Joe Tilden's Recipes for Epicures. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1 net.
Keeler, Charles. San Francisco and Thereabout. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50 net.
Lockwood, George B. The New Harmony Movement. Appleton.
McBain, Howard Lee. De Witt Clinton and the Origin of the Spoils System in New York. Columbia University Press.
Mallik, Manmath C. Impressions of a Wanderer. A. Wessels Co. $1.50 net.
Masterman, C. F. G., and others. To Colonize England. A Plea for a Policy. A. Wessels Co. $1 net.
Mulford, Clarence Edward. Bar—20. Outing Publishing Co.
Niendorff, John. Divine Adventures. A Book of Verse. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Parsons, John Denham. The Nature and Purpose of the Universe. A. Wessels Co. $6 net.
Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year ending June 30, 1905. Vol. 2. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. A Dull Girl's Destiny. Brentano's. $1.50.
Robertson, Louis Alexander. Through Painted Panes and Other Poems. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50 net.
Schuyler, William, and Buck, Philo Melvyn, jr. The Art of Composition. Scribners.
Schwill, Ferdinand. A Political History of Modern Europe from the Reformation to the Present Day. Scribners.
Simonton, Thomas C. Law of Checks, Notes, and Banks. Victor Van Horen.
Slaught & Lennes. High School Algebra. Elementary Course. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Snyder, Carl. American Railways as Investments. Moody Corporation.
Taylor, Edward Robeson. Selected Poems. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2 net.
Tenney, Alvan A. Social Democracy and Population. Columbia University Press.
The Shenandoah Campaigns of 1862 and 1864 and the Appomattox Campaign, 1865. Vol. VI. The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts.
Thomas, Anne Butler. Golden Winged Days. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Voltaire, Contes Choisies. New York: Putnams.
Watts-Dunton, Theodore. The Work of Cecil Rhodes. A Sonnet-Sequence. Henry Frowde.
Wells, Edward L. Hampton and Reconstruction. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company.

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